



Original Acrostics

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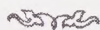
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ORIGINAL ACROSTICS

BY A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS.



LONDON :

BELL AND DALDY, 186, FLEET STREET.

1864.



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PREFACE.

THIS little volume will not require a long preface. All the acrostics in it are original ; and none of them have ever appeared in print before. As will be seen from the initials affixed to them, they are the work of several hands, and were originally produced for private amusement. The pleasure which the writers have derived from them has induced a hope that they will be acceptable to the public at large.

A short explanation of the plan of the acrostics may not be out of place. They are in the nature of riddles : the object being in each case to guess the two words which form the answer. These words are first described in a few verses, and then follow descriptions in a line each of a series of words of which the first letters in succession form the first word, and the last letters form the second word.

In some of them (from 1 to 65) the two words are

connected by some train of association, which is explained in the descriptive verses. In the remainder (from 66 to 100) these words form a third word, or a compound word, as in a common charade.

In order to make this more clear, the Acrostic No. XLII. may be taken as an example. The words described are *Pen* and *Ink*. The descriptions of the letters give—

- | | | |
|-----------------|----------------|----------|
| 1. Pestalozzi, | which produces | P and I. |
| 2. Explanation, | „ „ | E „ N. |
| 3. Nook | „ „ | N „ K. |

And these letters read downwards give *Pen* and *Ink*.

A key has been added, but readers will do well to have but sparing recourse to it. They will derive much more amusement from persevering with one acrostic till it is guessed, than from hurrying on from one to another, and perhaps guessing none.

It may be added for the encouragement of those who are inclined to persevere, that all these acrostics have been actually guessed.





DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I.

The Words.



HERE are, who love to wander far,
In search of glory or renown.
And reck not of the thorny road,
If but it lead them to a crown.

But not ambition's glittering baits,
Or lust of wealth or power,
Inspired my *second's* noble soul
In the decisive hour;

When to my *first* he plighted faith,
And girded on his sword;
And left the tourney and the court
To keep that plighted word.

He kept his vow. And fame and power
To him uncourted came;
He put the sign of royalty by,
But kept the glorious name.

The history of my *first* still glows
With many a glorious name;
But each before my *second* pales—
He wears the crown of fame.

The Letters (7).

1. An art which is a deadly crime, save practised by the few.
2. I died for love, not my first love, but for a fairer maid.
3. What every clown must always be, but every scholar shuns.
4. Support of weariness, I mark a holy call obeyed.
5. The noblest hero of romance, and crown of chivalry.
6. To thee, as their great pioneer, all sailors' thanks are due.
7. A quiet and sober virtue I, with neither pomp nor show.

M. C. J.

II.

The Words.

ALL that can be desired on earth, and eke in heaven,
 In the great cake of life the best and purest
 leaven,
 Behold my *first*. My *second* eye should be
 My *first's* embodiment and euphony.

The Letters (4).

1. The rigid shell which holds the kernel peace,
2. A name by despots and free kings abhorred.
3. A very lively word from o'er the water.
4. One whom a look dispersed in empty air.

W. K. J.

III.

The Words.

YE, who in tales of distant lands are well and deeply
versed,

Come, tell me if you ever knew a greater than my *first*;
His face reflects the sun's bright rays with beams of
sunnier shine,

And, in a voice of thunder, hails the majesty divine.

A wreath of mist around his brow, a rainbow round
his feet,

He stands, with awful majesty, th' admiring crowds to
greet;

And many, from many distant lands, were willing to
rejoice,

To stand with awe before his throne, and listen to his
voice.

But woe to those, whose heedless feet too near ap-
proach his throne,

Allured by his deceitful smile, or by vain boast alone.

Few had been found who had so far the voice of
prudence spurn'd—

Few had essay'd the dangerous path—but none had
e'er return'd.

Until, in one eventful hour, the Fates serenely beckon'd,
And pointed out the dangerous path of glory to my
second.

Firmly he grasp'd his staff, and did at once his thoughts
engage [grimace.

To tread with bold and steadfast feet his lofty pil-

Astonishment and wonder fill'd the multitude! and all
Alike agreed, such headlong pride must surely fear a
fall;

But, midst unnumber'd dangers, and midst mingled
 blame and praise,
 My *second* still pursued the even tenor of his ways.

The waters roar'd beneath his feet, the billows bore
 him o'er,

Until, a conqueror, he came to merry England's shore;
 But still his work is not complete, his labour is not
 ended—

Still many dizzy heights remain to be by him ascended.

O Fortune! whosoe'er thou art, to whom the Romans
 pray'd,

They said thou wert a fickle queen to those who
 sought thine aid;

But let not such a charge be brought against thee
 now, we crave—

Oh, let the proverb still be true! Oh, "favour" still
 "the brave!"

The Letters (7).

1. I am well designed to call the mind to that which
 should be stated.
2. The deep disguise of the father of lies with a touch
 I penetrated.
3. My song rehearses, in many verses, the language
 of affection.
4. To the fatherless, in their deep distress, I am ready
 to give protection.
5. The father I of a dynasty more noble than the
 Cæsars.
6. The stern despot, and the patriot, alike look up to
 me, sirs.
7. My feet I lave in the stormy wave, my head is in
 the clouds.

I have finish'd my lay, 'tis for you to say the mean-
 ing my verse enshrouds.

W. G.

IV.

The Words.

M*Y first* is a stalwart wight, and strong
As ever you may see;
My second is sweet as a May-day song,
And graceful as she can be.

My first is often found in a broil;
But a right good fellow is he,
For he gives his aid in the hardest toil,
And better aid cannot be.

A firm and constant friend is he,
But somewhat given to roam;
He is quite in his element on the sea,
Nor fears he the wild waves' foam.

At home he's the prop of each falling cause,
And his place none else can fill;
His name is a proverb for honest hearts
And for men of determined will.

My second his company dearly loves,
Be it in grove or mead;
Nor care they much, if together they be,
What weather is overhead.

She helps him in many a work that is good,
So let them together be crown'd;
For the deeds they have done the test have stood,
And have not been wanting found.

The Letters (3).

1. For me what awful toil have men endured.
2. My showers only gladden once a-year.
3. I'm gained by few on earth, by more in heaven.

W. K. J.

V.

The Words.

FOR duty, for ambition, or for gold,
 Oft have men striven, faced the worst.
 The poor man daily toils till he is old,
 And, for reward, seeks but my *first*.

My *second*, from above, and from below,
 Comes freely forth to work for you
 In ways most various; to it you owe
 Life-healing health, and comfort too.

The Letters (5).

1. I've cradled many a seaman brave, and moan'd his knell.
2. Judges thus named! Oh, hang not these, they're cold and dull.
3. I track your deeds e'en as your shadow follows you.
4. Beneath the calm seas deep, beneath the rocks I lie.
5. Brothers, hail you him thus? Before him ye shall bow.

S. J.

VI.

The Words.

A CONTROVERSY.

My First.

"FAREWELL! farewell! a long farewell!
 My fair, my faithless bride;
 Thine own dear lips have rung the knell,
 Yet 'tis for thee I've died;
 And thou shalt own, in widow'd years of pain,
 With all my faults thou'dst have me back again."

My Second.

"False, foolish tyrant! 'tis thine own,
 This luckless, lawless fate.
 And many a weary year hath flown
 Since first I wept my state.
 In vain was each appeal, and now I flee
 To those who loved me ere I came to thee."

My First.

"Hear this, ye heavens, and thou, O future, learn
 How this day dies a true and tender life,
 Who saw great truths which she could not discern,
 And sought great glory—e'en to save his wife;
 Now slain by her, falsely and foully slain,
 I sleep, and truth sleeps too, never to wake again."

And so he died, but Justice cursed the wrong,
 And would not let the murderers triumph long.

The Letters (7).

1. An African monarch, whom Scripture has fix'd in
perpetual fame.
2. Tomb for the weary one, home to the dreary one,
rest for the frame.
3. Spared by my conquering captor awhile, by his
chaplain I die.
4. At breakfast, at dinner, and in the bright hay-field
a pleasure am I.
5. The noble-soul'd sire of an infamous race, full of
falsehood and fraud.
6. Once I wheel'd coals for men, now I read Coke to
men, now I'm a lord.
7. Royalty martyr'd, my feminine finger attempts to
record.

R. C. L.

VII.

The Words.

TWIN children of ethereal birth are we ;
Divide us, and the one has ceased to be ;
Changed to our mightiest foe, o'er whom the other
Shall rise triumphant, and reclaim his brother.

The Letters (4).

1. Short intervals I give in stormy strife.
2. By jealousy compell'd the earth to roam.
3. Add "e," I name a flower on moorland rife.
4. With dewy smiles I send the labourer home.

T. L. K.

VIII.

The Words.

A MIGHTY spirit in an age of strife,
 My *second* was exalted high, by force
 Of will and singleness of aim, above
 His frantic comrades. Some have deem'd he sought
 O'er all the ruin of my *first*; 'tis false;
 My *first* lay dying, and no power of man
 Or angel could avert the fatal stroke.
 Gladly my *second* would have raised him up
 To holier, better days (for he had lived
 An evil life), but when he saw all hope
 Was vain, he did not mourn his loss on whom
 Decay and crime had set their fatal stroke:
 But calmly help'd to lay him in the grave,
 Saying and feeling it was better so.

The Letters (8).

1. A glorious gift, that serves to link some favour'd
 souls with heaven.
2. Unseen, unheard, I yet can kill, I yet can quicken
 life.
3. I come with power to bind or loose, by my great
 Master given.
4. A seaport render'd famous by the deadly Punic
 strife.
5. A sight which lovely ladies do most specially admire.
6. An epic poet noted in th' Augustan age of France.
7. The place in which the smouldering train of civil
 strife took fire.
8. I represent the sound with which the Indian throws
 his lance.

M. C. J.

IX.

The Words.

ENDOW'D with Nature's richest, fairest gifts,
 As beautiful as free, my *first* has gain'd
 A fame more lasting through my *second's* name,
 Than e'en her beauty could have e'er attain'd.

How wondrous was my *second*, stern and calm,
 Of will inflexible; no noble name,
 Nor wealth, nor rank were his, yet mighty kings
 Might envy the allegiance he did claim.

Fierce as the storm, or biting as the frost,
 Within my *first*, none dared resist his will;
 Year after year has slowly roll'd away,
 Yet many bow beneath his dictates still.

The Letters (6).

1. An Eastern dreamer, over Christian truth.
2. I saw my father by my mother slain.
3. Poison and food of many an idle youth.
4. A town I am on Russia's boundless plain.
5. A Roman fable doth relate my capture and my fall.
6. I smile and move, but cannot still make answer to
 your call.

M. C. J.

X.

The Words.

IN the dreamy twilight hour
A vision came to me—
I saw a fair and noble ship
Upon the stormy sea;

It battled with my *first*—
A hurricane so strong—
It seem'd as if no earthly ship
Could stand the contest long.

But help and hope were near,
Behold, the friendly shore;
If she could cast her anchor there,
The peril would be o'er.

She's moor'd, and now my *first*
Vainly its worst may roar;
My *second* is the anchor good,
Steadfast for evermore.

I read the parable—
It was the human soul,
Upon its wild and wondrous way
To its appointed goal.

Wouldst solve my mystery?
It is for you to tell
Who were my *second* and my *first*—
Ponder the question well.

The Letters (5).

1. Vainly the sweetest music tries its spells on me.
2. Last of the train who civilized and taught mankind.
3. An arrow's flight has given me immortality.
4. Haughty and proud in life, but greater still in death.
5. The chain by which two tyrants sought our land
to bind.

M. C. J.

XI.

The Words.

FULL many a potent spell my *second* wrought,
 Aiding my *first* to gain his long'd-for prize;
 Till to her feet the warrior she brought,
 All conquer'd by the spell of her bright eyes.

But, after ten long years had pass'd away,
 My faithless *first* his plighted troth did break;
 Then bitterly the enchantress did repay
 His treachery, for whose unworthy sake
 Her charms she wrought. Reader, my tale is told,
 It is for you the meaning to unfold.

The Letters (5).

1. I guard great Rome against th' advancing foe.
2. Shakespeare has sung of me in every form.
3. The hero I of an Arabian tale.
4. Left by my faithless swain, alone I pine.
5. My name strikes terror into every heart.

G. H. H.

XII.

*The Words.**My First.*

“ **P**ROUDLY I lie in my unknown grave,
 Memento of days gone by;
 For wishing my father's faith to save,
 With traitors' ashes I lie.

“ And e'er and anon in form I rise,
 And visit your homes once more;
 But only to die, as the poor moth dies,
 The day it begins to soar.”

My Second.

“ Lowly I stand where I once stood proud,
 A worm on my native strand;
 In foreign climes, by their fetters bow'd,
 Pretender on British land.

“ And, though to the earth's remotest bounds
 The fame of my name is known,
 It is but in scorn that my boast resounds—
 The past is my crown alone.”

My First and my Second.

“ Both of us lived, in years long past,
 Your English home within,
 Both of us fell, 'neath a like rude blast,
 The fruit of our own rash sin;
 Link'd we ever must be, living or dead,
 Tool and employer, servant and head.”

The Letters (6).

1. Despised attractor of low fashion's gaze.
2. Fairest of ancient Rome's celestial gods.
3. Vindictive visitor of summer days.
4. First chain with heaven o'er which gay childhood
plods.
5. The link of strong desire with glorious fame.
6. Relief from all that racks the trembling frame.

R. C. L.

XIII.

The Words.

WHEN Autumn o'er the forest sheds
Her brightest glow, her most mysterious shade,
A mantle on the ground she spreads
Of regal hues, and texture rich and fine.

We weave that mantle. If our work
Delight your eye, say not it only hides
A dying face soon to be laid
'Neath winter's snow, when our short task is o'er.

The Letters (5).

1. For me the fisher braves the midnight wave.
2. Did you speak? or did I? the voice was yours.
3. My fame is link'd with England's victories.
4. I tell, each morn, the deeds of yesterday.
5. My name is dear to every English heart.

S. J.

XIV.

The Words.

IN former times, when treason's breath
Was justly fear'd and hated,
My *first* had by a felon's death
His plottings expiated.

But lo! a swift-approaching train,
And when we ask, "What is it?"
We learn my *first* has come again
This country to revisit.

A crowd attends him on his rounds,
Throughout his course erratic;
And everywhere he meets the sounds
Of childish shouts ecstatic.

Thousands of voices from the crowd
Proclaim his rallying cry,
A word which wakes, with warning loud,
The sluggish memory.

They place my *first* upon my *second*,
Meet throne for such as he;
His days are pass'd, his hours are reckon'd
When this his fate shall be.

For, soon as darkness o'er the scene
Has cast her sable dress,
The fickle crowd, with hostile mien,
Around him rudely press.

With savage shout and cruel joke
They aim their fiery darts;
He vanishes in fire and smoke,
And thus from earth departs.

But when the swift-revolving year
 Its circuit has completed,
 And autumn leaves again are sear,
 His jaunt will be repeated.

The Letters (7).

1. For two long years I kept the foe at bay.
2. I vanish from the sky at break of day.
3. I thought, when other folks were fast asleep.
4. Wouldst have us? then my *second* safely keep.
5. My voice and lyre rejoice with strains agreeing.
6. A single stroke can call me into being.
7. A proverb I to each succeeding age
 Of effort vain, and unavailing rage.

W. G.

XV

The Words.

A GUARDIAN angel, and a dreaded foe
 Of human happiness and human rest,
 By turns we visit man: nor does he know
 One hour when both are absent from his breast.

The Letters (4).

1. Mark of a lower grade than that of man.
2. Refusing company, I dwell alone.
3. My counsel comes in dim and mystic words.
4. I saved my husband from the fatal stroke.

M. C. J.

XVI.

The Words.

MERRY was it in my *first*,
 Many years ago,
 When my *second's* name was known
 Both to high and low.

Lord he was within my *first*,
 And lived cheerily;
 For the world beyond its bounds
 Not a whit cared he.

Many friends my *second* owl'd,
 Though no saint was he,
 But a wild and reckless knave
 One would fear to see.

Yet in history he has found
 Judges kind and mild,
 Who have overlook'd his crimes,
 And on his virtues smiled.

Doubtful was his way of life—
 Strange it well may seem—
 For that life within my *first*
 Is to us a dream.

The Letters (9).

1. I safely keep for you Pomona's bounteous store.
2. Faithless to my first love, yet sung for evermore.
3. When fortune's tide is high, fear me, for I shall come.
4. Woe on my land I brought through my disorder'd home.

5. Reprover, by a tale, of a great sinner's greed.
6. When Janus' temple opes, I will not fail your need.
7. Ambition's priest, the friend of one more haughty still.
8. Four of my name have risen the German's crown to wear.
9. Not crime, but want of wit, deserves this dungeon drear.

M. C. J.

XVII.

The Words.

MY *first* was wretched, he a wretch,
 Until by ghostly counsel cured;
 A changed man from thence he was,
 Of his own wickedness assured.

He to my *second* owed his life—
 'Twas he that led him where he would;
 Though by no tie of kindred bound,
 He gave him clothes and daily food.

The Letters (7).

1. On almost every ocean-shore I lie.
2. We battled for our country, and were slain.
3. A bird for which a princess once did sigh.
4. A king I am, though not o'er men I reign.
5. All Grecians were submissive to my sway.
6. I wrote about an illness and a death.
7. A little state 'twixt mighty powers I lay,
 Yet for my prize they freely spent their breath.

E. J.

XVIII.

The Words.

A SICK old man, and near his end,
 Worn out by luxury and sin,
 Extended on a gilded couch,
 Where silken curtains shut him in
 From sights and sounds that would defy
 All rest except the rest of apathy.

With ears too dull to heed the strife
 Of those who round his dying bed
 Clamour for his inheritance
 Ere yet his wretched life hath fled.
 Such is my *first*, effete, forlorn,
 Regard him not in pity, but in scorn.

A slave stands near and waits the end—
 It is my *second*. Mark him well,
 His folded arms, and drooping head,
 And dull and sullen features, tell
 Of long oppression's direful sway,
 Of life and thought crush'd slowly day by day.

Yet does that noble form and eye,
 Which flashes sudden on my *first*,
 Speak of a glorious past—a soul
 Which once was great. Will he not burst
 Those bonds, and rule in glory where
 He now doth serve? The future must declare.

The Letters (6).

1. A voice that chronicles the flight of time.
2. Commotion raging like a fiery brand.

3. Though on the waters cast, I am not lost.
4. I've prophesied a dearth to all our land.
5. A stranger dwelling in an ungenial clime.
6. All men rejoice in this glad joyous time.

M. C. J.

XIX.

The Words.

IN haunts of men, in desert lands
 Where mortal ne'er has been—
 Beneath the sea, on golden sands
 Which mortal ne'er hath seen—

Above, high in the deep blue sky,
 And in the air around,
 And e'en where thought alone can fly,
 My glorious *first* is found.

My *second* is of lower grade,
 And does not soar so high;
 'Tis made by men, and with men's aid
 My *first* it can supply.

The Letters (5).

1. I help all those who travel o'er the world.
2. Within my bounds was freedom's flag unfurl'd.
3. A herb, I'm used as medicine by a few.
4. My power hath caused both death and change of creed.
5. One of a noble and ambitious crew,
 Made glorious by many a valiant deed.

M. R. L. AND A. J.

XX.

The Words.

COME hither, ye who have tears to shed !
For your hearts will be like to burst
When, with trailing limbs and drooping head,
You happen to meet my *first*.

And " Oh," you will cry, " for a thousand arms,
And the strength of a giant in each,
My *first* to save from rude alarms,
And out of the tyrant's reach ! "

But it is not good for the human mind
For ever in sorrow to dwell ;
And it seems that my *second* is well design'd
A pleasanter tale to tell.

For she, despising empty shows,
Works gaily for useful ends ;
And many, who once were deadly foes,
She has changed to firmest friends.

But, of every possible evil day,
I think that would be the worst
Whenever my *second* again should lay
Her hand upon my *first*.

For, when we think on his thousand wrongs,
We shall join in the exclamation—
" Is it peace ? Better war, with its thousand tongues,
Than such a combination."

The Letters (5).

1. The world my purport must not know.
2. The royal favour moved me not.
3. I predicate eternal woe.
4. The post of danger is my lot.
5. I madly seek for outward show,
The cost of which is quite forgot.

W. G.

XXI.

The Words.

SOME time, we'd known, the hour was very nigh
 When my grim *second's* form my *first* should greet,
 For each slow movement and each feverish sigh
 Proclaim the long cold journey near complete.

There lay my *second*, gloomy without end,
 And there my *first*, so long our guide and strength;
 To that same *second* you and I soon tend,
 And own my *first's* warm kindly aid at length.

For how can men, in life's wild business versed,
 Enjoy, or do, or see, without my *first*?
 And sure my *first* oft goes my *second's* way,
 And lingers there awhile, though not to stay.

The Letters (6).

1. The wise and good alike of me beware.
2. A poor false priest and king commands my duty.
3. For shrimps, and rats, and tipplers too a snare.
4. A mournful epitaph on fallen beauty.
5. Hast guess'd the second line? Then guess again.
6. The only spot on earth long free from pain.

R. C. L.

XXII.

The Words.

NOT for themselves the bees fly o'er the meads,
And teach the flowers their honeyed sweets to
yield;

Not for themselves the oxen bow their heads
And draw the harrow o'er the furrow'd field.

Not for himself my *first* my *second* gain'd,
Crushing brute force by lofty chivalry;
Not for himself he dared, with troops untrain'd,
The armies of two empires to defy.

Despite the legions of despotic power,
Despite the timid counsels of his friends,
Alone he dared, in that decisive hour,
To cast the die—and gain'd his wish'd-for ends.

Vain was the empty breath of calumny,
In vain the offer'd bribes of wealth untold;
Unmoved he pass'd the voice of slander by,
And walk'd unmoved through countless heaps of
gold.

And, though the men for whom his life was spent
His service with ingratitude repaid,
Yet, when reverses o'er their path were sent,
They sought, nor sought in vain, his timely aid.

Ours be the task to rend the clouds that rest,
Perhaps e'en now, upon his worthy name—
Pardon the quaintness, pardon e'en the jest
That adds another tribute to his fame.

The Letters (5).

1. Adherents of a noble cause, we're found e'en on
the throne.
2. By fighting 'gainst the forest-laws my courage oft
was shown.
3. I nurture up a hardy race amid the frozen zone.
4. Thrice utter'd by a soldier bold, I made his triumphs
known.
5. Midst fields of snow, I am upheld by burning fire
alone.

W. G.

XXIII.

The Words.

MY *first*, when by itself alone,
Tells of domestic peace—
The warm fireside, the smooth hearthstone,
Where daily troubles cease.

My *second* will recall, no less,
Thoughts of secure protection,
Of undiminish'd faithfulness,
And liveliest affection.

My *first* and *second*, when combined,
Speak of domestic broils—
The pouring rain, the driving wind,
Through which the traveller toils.

The Letters (3).

1. A foolish law I foolishly did break.
2. I nearly perish'd for a comrade's sake.
3. The northern traveller here a stay doth make.

W. G.

XXIV.

The Words.

- " I T'S really wonderful to think,"
 So spake my *first* one night,
 " How useful I am to mankind,
 And yet how small and slight.

 " My use is great in common life,
 Yet that I count as nought
 Compared with all the glorious fame
 Of my greatest, highest work.

 " That charms men's eyes, and fills them oft
 With tears of admiration;
 How proud the thought, 'tis mine the work
 That meets such approbation.

 " For see yon dreamer sitting there—
 His thoughts are grand, 'tis true;
 Yet, if I did not lend my aid,
 He ne'er could tell them you."

 " Come, cease your boast," my *second* cries,
 " That great work is not thine,
 Nor yet the common work of life—
 Both are far rather mine.

 " Thou art but as the wretched slave
 Who does his lord's commands;
 I send thee here or there, whilst thou
 Art powerless in my hands."

 " Sing your own praise," my *first* replies;
 " 'Tis what nought else would sing—
 Any great clown could do your work,
 You clumsy, awkward thing."

"Come, cease your wrangling," I exclaimed;
 "How can you be so sour?
 Together work as friends—for in
 Your union lies your power."

The Letters (6).

1. A terror to deceivers is the house that bears my
name.
2. My name has rightly been consign'd to everlasting
shame.
3. My child is left behind to speak of her who sleeps
in death.
4. Follow my lead, and then you ne'er need fear being
out of breath.
5. Climb on, my friends, untiringly, if me you have
for goal.
6. I tell you much; yet, as you read, how weary is
your soul.

E. J.

XXV.

The Words.

M*Y first* is like my *second*, but of a smaller size.
 In youthful days my *second* doth my *first* both
 love and prize.

The Letters (4).

1. I'm pleasant on the green or in the wax-lit hall.
2. An ancient king who once in Palestine did reign.
3. I woke the Church from sleep of sin and dreams
of gain.
4. For me will men endure, and e'en in battle fall.

M. C. J.

XXVI.

The Words.

MY *first* against my *second* came
Across the stormy sea :
For through the world my *second's* name
Renown'd will ever be.

My *second's* history to trace
Would many volumes fill ;
The father of a noble race—
Himself the noblest still.

His wealth and power did both transcend
Our utmost calculations—
The merchant's guard, the sailor's friend,
The wonder of all nations.

The rulers of an empire vast
He scatter'd with a breath—
Away they fled with eager haste,
A race for life or death.

My *first* beneath my *second's* throne
Had struggled many a year ;
His matchless power he would not own,
His wrath he did not fear.

Around his self-devoted band
He threw his guardian shield,
He bade them firmly take their stand,
And rather die than yield.

'Tis done ! the victory's won at length !
The work has been completed,
And brutal force and giant strength
By genius are defeated.

The traveller now his course may take
 Secure, from shore to shore ;
 The citizen his home may make
 Beneath the despot's power.

The Letters (6).

1. My burning words will not be soon forgot.
2. Divided counsels make my hands supine.
3. I lent my aid to weave a harmless plot.
4. Though rude in speech, I grace a poet's line.
5. In the church, and bar, alike, we cast our lot.
6. Once I sank low, now mounted high I shine.

W. G.

XXVII.

The Words.

I WANDER'D on a soft September morn,
 While in the trees above my *second* play'd,
 And o'er the bending grasses ; till my mind
 Perforce was wafted to far distant times
 Of Corydons and Silvias, pipes and crooks,
 And all the pleasures of a pastoral age ;
 And, as I ponder'd, with my *first* my soul was fill'd.

The Letters (6).

1. A cursèd name upon a holy page.
2. A name to legend and to poetry dear.
3. The *locum-tenens* of the absent sun.
4. An exclamation having many meanings.
5. A town well noted in the sister isle.
6. Mine it is not, the opposite to that.

W. R. J.

XXVIII.

The Words.

OF all my *second* throughout the wide world,
 My *first* is the greatest and best ;
 For its fame has been sounded, its praises have spread
 From the far distant east to the west.

But, should I begin its story to trace,
 I could occupy many an hour,
 And tell you a tale more romantic than e'er
 Was framed by the novelist's power ;

Of battles, and sieges, and bloodiest strife,
 Of barbarian glory and pride,
 Of the conquests which England's brave sons have
 achieved
 Through dangers on every side.

And nobly those heroes my *second* did win,
 A reward of devotion and zeal
 Assign'd by our Sovereign Lady to those
 Who have labour'd for England's weal.

And my *first* can tell of the triumphs of peace,
 How skill, by genius inspired,
 Can produce the most marvellous wonders of art
 Which wondering crowds have admired.

The Letters (8).

1. Of old the end and aim of life to many a dreaming
 boy.
2. Some say mine was a martyr's death, and some a
 traitor's fate.

3. High above yonder shifting scene I lift my hoary head.
4. I offer oft occasion sad for anarchy and strife.
5. The choral world full certainly my name and fame do know.
6. My strains melodious once sufficed to charm barbarian ears.
7. In ancient fable I am used t' impersonate the bad.
8. Many a guilty wretch has quail'd to meet my just decree.

A. G.

XXIX.

The Words.

WHEN weary pilgrims faint and footsore roam,
With nought beside my *first* 'twixt them and home,

In vain they crave my *second's* aid, to bring
Home's rest and dear delights with swifter wing.

'Twas with my *second* lofty Newton's mind
All through my *first* a fount of truth could find;
Now of my *first*, that then he track'd so well,
My *second* gives him power still more to tell.

The Letters (5).

1. A man's opinion and desire.
2. The world's great conqueror's conquering sire.
3. Hail! though thou'rt bitter, thou art dear.
4. Cats' deadly foe, to all men near.
5. The goal of toil and hope and fear.

R. C. L.

XXX.

The Words.

WITHOUT my *second*, through my *first*
 In hopeless search you'd wander ;
 For what my *first* has well rehearsed
 My *second* well doth ponder.

My *first*, when morning dawns again,
 Come forth in countless numbers ;
 They hover round the royal train,
 And break the news-boy's slumbers.

Without my *second* wet or dry
 Could never well be reckon'd ;
 The telegraphic wires would ply
 In vain without my *second*.

My *second* with the Pope combined
 To aid his domination ;
 And many of my *first* consign'd
 To hopeless conflagration.

Yet think not that for good alone
 My *first* their powers can borrow ;
 Too often to mankind they've shown
 The path of sin and sorrow.

Then, should my *first* in long array
 By your fair hands be beckon'd,
 And your supreme behests obey,
 Pray don't forget my *second*.

The Letters (5).

1. The listening ear I often have enchanted.
2. I in the bull's-eye long ago was planted.

3. Fools love me much; but wise men do not scorn
me.
4. A quadruped and king alike have worn me.
5. I was, unless tradition's faithfulness errs,
A terror to all unsuccessful guessers.

W. G.

XXXI.

The Words.

SUDDEN and swift, like one who runs a race
For life or death, my *first* flies past us, clad
In garments by another's bounty given;
Yet of that life so long, that fate so strange,
Fame had not known, but for another's care.
Had not my *second* sung his sportive lay,
And won all hearts, my *first* had been unknown,
Save to the few who loved him best. But, now
My *second* has pour'd forth his tuneful woe,
My *first* is made the friend of all mankind.

The Letters (6).

1. The rich will scarcely touch me; but I deck the poor
man's board.
2. Whene'er the prince doth put me on, his name should
be ignored.
3. Whatever good there is in me will grace fair Scot-
land's fame.
4. I'm better known in other forms, and by another
name.
5. The trumpet's sound and herald's shout accompany
my choice.
6. The halls of learning often have re-echoed with my
voice.

W. G.

XXXII.

The Words.

IF men were only perfect,
 And from sin's bondage free,
 My *first* would ne'er be needed,
 And soon would cease to be.

Though dark and sad—when coupled
 With my *second's* well-known name,
 It loses half its terrors,
 And seems not like the same.

It tells us then of patience,
 Of great and lofty thought,
 Of battles stern with evil
 Which my *second* daily fought.

It speaks too of the grand result
 Of all this strife of mind;
 Of the glorious gift my *second* left
 Freely to all mankind.

And so my *second's* memory
 Hallows my *first's* dark name;
 And the glory of the treasure bright
 Lends to them both new fame.

The Letters (6).

1. One district in a country famed for cruelties therein done.
2. My dream has often sounded through the village church's aisle.
3. Without me all you do seems hard—'tis so with every one.

4. All men claim me—to each grant me, and he will
hold his tongue.
5. The chosen place of those who make a great noise
in the world.
6. I had a precious diamond once which caused me
great annoy.

E. J.

XXXIII.

The Words.

THINK, mortals, what a dismal life
Without *our* help you'd daily lead—
By turns *we* cheer through toil and strife,
Enlightening you when you're in need.

Without my *second* Sol's bright rays
Would ne'er illumine your darksome room ;
And to my *first* must be the praise
To dissipate the evening's gloom.

The Letters (6).

1. Object of children's gratitude, as poetry has sung.
2. A city ta'en some centuries ere you had found your
tongue.
3. What none of you, my readers fair, will ever be, I
trust.
4. A poem within whose fatal list 'twas dreadful once
to rust.
5. A game which needs a steady head and arithmetic
brain.
6. Old English for the simple word which these six
lines contain.

M. A. J.

XXXIV.

The Words.

M*Y first* is known where'er the sun the landscape
doth adorn,
And messages of love and peace to every land hath
borne.

My second, through many varied years, before the
sage's eye
Hath borne with steady hand the lamp of true
philosophy.

My first and *second* converse held on many a summer's
day—

My second was dress'd in sombre garb, *my first* in
raiment gay ;

Together they discoursed of Him who bade the sun
arise,

Who sent the planets in their course, and built the
lofty skies.

The sky with clouds was overcast—*my second* the
signal knew ;

He turn'd to where *my first* had stood—he had vanish'd
from his view.

Then forth he went, with firm resolve, his mission to
fulfil,

And bid the world with reverence bow before their
Maker's will.

Seek not to know what God has hid from man's
inquiring gaze,

Nor rashly dare prescribe to Him the conduct of His
ways ;

But rather let *my second* learn, as in his earlier youth,
That noblest of all mysteries, the knowledge of the
truth.

The Letters (8).

1. I make a noise where'er my lot is cast.
2. I bear a trophy from a foreign land.
3. Hope long deferr'd has cheer'd my heart at last.
4. Long have I groan'd beneath a despot's hand.
5. A shelter 'gainst invasion's stormy blast.
6. None could against my savage onset stand.
7. My lovely hues can hardly be surpass'd.
8. I give good counsels to a youthful band.

W. G.

XXXV.

The Words.

CLEAR cut and calm, like some grand sculptured
form

Wrought by a master-hand, my *first* stands crown'd,
With laurel and with cypress intertwined;
Yet of that life so bright, so early closed,
Fame had not known, save for another's care.
Had not my *second* sung its cadence wild,
And won all hearts, my *first* had been unknown,
Save to the few who loved him best. But, now
That love hath framed my *second's* tuneful woe,
My *first* is made the friend of all mankind.

The Letters (6).

1. My harp was hush'd on Cambria's fatal day.
2. A righteous sovereign in a wicked line.
3. On English grammar I have said my say.
4. Freedom my wife resign'd to give me mine.
5. Birthplace of Scotland's greatest modern seer.
6. In Eastern towns my graceful head I rear.

M. C. J.

XXXVI.

The Words.

STALK on, my *first*, in mantled form, with cold
 and stately stride,
 Unroll the scroll thou bringest us, and comfort, kill,
 or chide;
 Draw on the wanderer to his home, the weary one to
 rest;
 Plant but one spark of living hope within the bonds-
 man's breast;
 Spur on the strong to efforts fresh, and fire the noble
 brave;
 And cast a halo round our tears for dear ones in the
 grave.

So come, my *first*; in anxious hope we all thy mission
 wait;
 So come, nor let thy cruelty recall a happier fate;
 So come, that ne'er my *second's* shade may blame the
 passing hour,
 Or cast a wistful glance to days before we knew thy
 power.
 So come. Alas! our sighs are nought, eternal suns
 shall wane,
 And yet thy full, completest form our eyes shall ne'er
 attain.

Quoth Wisdom: "He who perfect bliss would learn
 Must chase my *first*, and aye my *second* spurn."

The Letters (6).

1. I need not summer warmth to aid my hardy head
 to tower.
2. With me the difficulty fades, the terror loses power.

3. A watchword to the failing heart, a test of innate strength.
4. All those who seek their wealth of me must come to grief at length.
5. A very artful stratagem, contrivance, feint, or snare.
6. The outline vague of any thing; a blessing very rare.

R. C. L.

XXXVII.

The Words.

THOUGH sunder'd by long ages' space, yet are
 These two in thought united; for to each
 Learning doth owe a mighty debt. My *first*
 Laid the foundation of the pile on which
 My *second* placed the glorious crowning stone.
 Without my *first* my *second* had not been;
 Without my *second* would my *first's* great work
 Have miss'd its aim and highest perfectness.
 Classic and mediæval sage have thus
 Join'd to inscribe the scroll which we possess.

The Letters (6).

1. The tongue of many manuscripts of ancient worth.
2. A deadly weapon, though it is not forged of steel.
3. I die a traitor's death, despite my noble birth.
4. So rapidly I pass, that scarce my breath you feel.
5. A count consign'd by Dante to the shades beneath.
6. Beauty and music are my instruments of death.

M. C. J.

XXXVIII.

*The Words.**My Second.*

IN court and camp, amid the clash of arms,
 Or mid the stillness and the peace which reign'd
 Where great and gifted spirits meet to hold
 Communion sweet, my *second* pass'd a life
 Of strange vicissitude. In summer days
 He loved to wander 'neath the stately oaks
 With England's bravest soldier, truest knight,
 While time flow'd on unheeded as they talk'd.
 And darker days of exile, too, he knew,
 When fire and pillage, poverty and loss,
 Struck his devoted dwellings in the wilds.
 Yet everywhere before that gentle soul
 Visions of glory floated. For to him
 Did nature's sights and sounds impart a bliss
 So deep, that grief and hardship sought in vain
 To dash the brightness of that world of dreams.

My First.

Two hundred years my *first* had slept in peace—
 Yet was my *second* bound to him by ties
 Of fondest love. As is the morning star
 To the bright dawn which follows in its track—
 As is the father to the child—the source
 Unto the flowing stream :—so was my *first*
 Unto my *second*. While to us their strains
 Are only as the links in the long chain
 Of poesy, which joineth earth with heaven.

The Letters (7).

1. The point at which the tide must turn, the waves
 the shore must leave.

2. Of Nature's children, I was call'd the meanest and the least.
3. A gift which mortals love to give, but love not to receive.
4. To gain a crown, I battle still against a deadly beast.
5. The sign of suffering, the spur to many mighty deeds.
6. I have gain'd hearts, saved kingdoms, moved whole nations at my will.
7. I fly about upon the wind, light as the thistle's seeds,
Yet, though so light, I still suffice the empty mind to fill.

M. C. J.

XXXIX.

The Words.

M*Y* first is sober, quiet, and grave ;
Each day, and all day long he proves your friend
In business and in daily cares,
And brings them often to a happy end.

But if your fancy wafts you high,
And touches all things with its golden ray,
Then call my *second* to your aid,
Until the dreamlight fades in common day.

The Letters (5).

1. With gun in hand, I steal by moonlight through the glade.
2. I gain'd a wealthy husband by my filial love.
3. A poet and a priest my name have famous made.
4. Rest, weary hands, the deft machine hath compass'd me.
5. Ambition's goal ; the height where few attain to be.

M. C. J.

XL.

The Words.

MY *first* within their narrow bed lay sleeping many
years,
To feeling and to memory dead, and eke to hopes and
fears ;
Until my *second* their slumbers broke, and to the light
of day
They one by one were summon'd forth, and placed in
long array.
Strange were their forms, and passing strange the
secrets they revealed,
The mysteries of the prison-house wherein they lay
concealed ;
But yet they could not tell their tale, nor audience
receive,
Until my *second* bade them speak, and bade the world
believe.
Full many a day my *first* and *second* in pleasing con-
verse spent
Amid the plains of Sussex, and the fertile hills of
Kent ;
And much that pass'd between them then remains on
record still,
Much that is good is written there, and somewhat
that is ill.
Where are they now ? My *second* sleeps within the
silent grave,
And nought from us, save kindly words, his memory
may crave.
Seek you my *first* ? Go wander through the vast
Metropolis,
Until you reach the well known spot wherein their
dwelling is.

The Letters (7).

1. The scene of many a famous deed.
2. The botanist's delight.
3. The friend of those who sow the seed.
4. The harbinger of night.
5. The shame of those who cannot read.
6. The paradox set right.
7. The instrument of extra speed ;
I hope you'll guess it quite.

W. G.

XLI.

The Words.

MY *second* is a blessing made a curse.
 When on this earth it bursts, no human frame
 Can check its force. Resistless on it moves,
 Leaving despair and ruin in its track.
 Yet while we fear, we still rejoice to know
 My *second* o'er us cannot claim the power
 Which once it sway'd in days that long have pass'd.
 How bright my *first* appear'd amid that gloom,
 When, as the sign of quick relief it came ;
 And still to us, its name is fair and dear,
 The emblem of all glad and joyful things.

The Letters (5).

1. I guide the traveller's feet through many a foreign
maze.
2. Across th' Atlantic main, some breeze has borne
my lays.
3. The artist and the laundress ill could spare my aid.
4. The loved of Michael Angelo here closed her days.
5. Son of one pirate, by another crownless made.

M. C. J.

XLII.

The Words.

THE father, in the fable it is said,
 Gather'd his sons around his dying bed,
 And shew'd them, by the fagot and the thong,
 Divided they were weak, united strong.

So, treat my *first* and *second* as you list,
 Their strength in union will alone consist;
 And this will be the burden of my song—
 "Divided we are weak, united strong."

My *first* alone will barren be and dry;
 My *second* involved in dim obscurity;
 United they illuminate mankind,
 The willing servants of the informing mind.

Folly and bitterness its aid must lend
 This wondrous pair into the world to send;
 Nor can their powers be fully brought to light
 Save on a dazzling field of spotless white.

The Letters (3).

1. The teacher of the method how to teach.
2. The meaning brought within the meanest's reach.
3. Name of a corner in poetic speech.

W. G.

XLIII.

The Words.

MY *first* through many years of strife
 My *second* sought to follow,
 For well he guess'd the streams of life
 Flow'd from its cavern hollow.

Both day and night those streams flow forth
 With unremitting force;
 And through ten thousand rivulets
 Pursue their devious course.

And if, through some o'erwhelming power,
 Those streams should cease to flow,
 At once 'twould usher in the hour
 Of universal woe.

'Tis done! my *first's* long task complete!
 Success his toil doth crown;
 Success! which makes his labours sweet,
 Success! but not renown.

The Letters (6).

1. I make a dreadful stir.
2. For worship I'm design'd.
3. I'm wanted every year.
4. I vary with the wind.
5. I'm just which you prefer.
6. I'm always close behind.

W. G.

XLIV.

The Words.

ON a broad plain a castle stands,
With battlements and towers;
And, 'neath its vaulted portal, see
The dread portcullis lowers.

"To arms! to arms!" the warder cries;
And now, across my *first*,
Come trooping many a knight and squire,
For noble deeds athirst.

The scene is changed. The castle walls
Are crumbling into dust;
No more the knight and squire come forth
To tourney and to joust.

But from my *first*, at eventide,
A sad and dismal sound,
Arising from my *second's* voice,
Startles the country round.

Such sounds were heard in days of old,
In Egypt's troubled land,
When Pharaoh, in his pride, withstood
The All-powerful command.

Wouldst of my *second* further learn?
Much could I quickly tell—
How he was used by witches vile
In many a direful spell.

But I should tire you, if I sung
More of this dismal song;
To guess its import, I suspect,
Will not detain you long.

The Letters (4).

1. I hold as prisoners the fairest hands.
2. Held in our colleges in high esteem.
3. The ancient embodiment of the entire universe.
4. Used in our seaports to guide the largest ships.

J. H.

XLV.

The Words.

'TIS on my *first* my *second* lives ;
 My *first* alone my *second* gives
 Amusement, recreation :—feeds
 His mind, in short, with all it needs.

He makes him laugh, he makes him weep,
 And oftentimes he makes him sleep ;
 Without him he toils vainly—He
 Without my *first* could never be,

The Letters (6).

1. Without me was no knight prepared to meet a
 valiant foe.
2. They found me a lone babe: from thence their
 cottage was my home.
3. The sun begins to sink, and you begin to think of
 me.
4. One of those twins by whose joint toil the world's
 hard work is done.
5. My head is larger than a giant's; of my body
 nought is known.
6. But for me few would wield the pen, or burn the
 midnight oil.

E. J.

XLVI.

The Words.

WHERE still deep chaos reigns, and death,
 Nor one frail link, nor one faint breath
 To bind it to the light of day,
 Behold my *first*, my *second* they
 Whom all within my *first* should lay.

Not bodily ; for, like the maid
 Of ancient song, 'tis but a shade ;
 A voice remaining when the tread
 That gave it birth is with the dead.

Yet curse the voice : and when that doom
 Hath crush'd it, find for it a tomb
 Within my *first*, where nothing dear
 And nothing loath'd can e'er appear.

The Letters (8).

1. I'm kind to those who keep no carriages.
2. I tell of births and deaths and marriages.
3. A soldier, dreamer, pilgrim too, and priest.
4. Ofttimes a welcome rest for man and beast.
5. My hours are number'd if your health is good.
6. Few beneath me at despot hands have stood.
7. I'll nurse your horse as nurses nurse a child.
8. My steady hands chase guilt with aspect wild.

R. C. L.

XLVII.

The Words.

SLEEP on, my *first*, for scarce on earth is found
 A nobler resting-place than thine. Thy life
 Was wild and troubled; for my *second's* sake
 Thou didst both strive and fall; loving so well
 Her glory, that all else thou didst resign
 To found her throne in strength and peace. She own'd
 Her champion, and constrain'd the mocking world
 To crown his head with honour; since that day
 My *second's* power hath waned; yet still she keeps
 The memory of my *first* with loving care.
 'Neath awful arches, where deep organ tones
 Appeal to heaven, how calm is his repose.

The Letters (6).

1. The wanderer's shelter on the heath or lonely dale.
2. My hasty lines sum up a long and complex tale.
3. A military station and a sunny isle.
4. The warrior-poet falls to avenge his country's
 wrongs.
5. The Muse's longest, most adventurous flight of song.
6. Deathless, unchangeable, and pure from taint or
 guile.

M. C. J.

XLVIII.

The Words. †

VAST and unfathomable, enclosing all
 Of good and ill that agitates mankind,
 Now sunk in rest profound, yet ne'er complete;
 Now all alive with restless industry,
 And rack'd with ceaseless throes of joy and pain,
 My *first* attracts us with resistless force
 Within its vortex; till, with whirling giddy,
 We try to escape awhile to calmer scenes,
 Seeking my *second's* aid. That *second*, too,
 Right emblematical of what we seek,
 E'en to be lifted o'er the surging flood
 Of ceaseless toil, and aye-returning care;
 An emblem too of all which in this world
 Of fragments, these unite and make them one;
 Emblem of earth's high mission, to secure
 A path from this world to eternal light.

The Letters (6).

1. A gentle rover over hills and plains.
2. Within my double doors I snugly lie.
3. A faithful daughter's mother richly bless'd.
4. Oh! to have heard his harp, what would we give.
5. Migration fever's ever-constant theme;
6. Patrons by patent of each poet's song.

W. K. J.

XLIX.

The Words.

IN the forest's deep recesses
 Dwelt my *second*, gaunt and grim,
 And in many a distant nation
 Fearful tales were told of him.
 'Twas my *first* who brought these tidings
 To our peaceful English land;
 Tidings which made cries of terror
 Echo from the desert sand.
 Long and fearful was the struggle
 'Twixt my *second* and my *first*;
 But my *first* by conquest ended,
 Though my *second* did his worst.
 Now in London's mighty city
 May my *second's* form be seen,
 Powerless now to harm or hurt us;
 Reader, judge you who I mean.

The Letters (7).

1. Often have my melodious strains a London audience charm'd.
2. For my sake did my lover dare the perilous wave to cross.
3. Ask for my name in knightly lists, you'll find it foremost there.
4. A warlike tribe, we flourish'd long ruled by a noble queen.
5. An English city, much renown'd for commerce and for wealth.
6. Full well my name is known to them who love geology.
7. My memory is revered in Cologne's city fair.

G. H. H.

L.

The Words.

ANCIENT and many-tower'd my *first* uprears
 Her head with not-to-be-commended pride.
 Would that she could have borne her brimming cup
 More meekly ; that her eagle eye had look'd
 On truth with humbler, not less ardent, gaze,
 And not approach'd with self-sufficient stare,
 As if, because allow'd to soar so high,
 She had a right to flout the blessed light.
 Then had my *second*, like the sticks of old,
 Firmly united, so that none could break,
 Presented to the world's admiring eye
 A precious bundle, polish'd and compact ;
 Each rod dipp'd boldly in seraphic fire,
 But bound with cords of love and simple faith.

The Letters (6).

1. Hark to my distant volley's booming roar.
2. A Persian chief whose fame will never die.
3. God's precious gifts o'er Nature's carpet spread.
4. The hapless heroine of a deathless tale.
5. A lovely part of Scotia's lovely land.
6. The warning beacon of the wealthy man.

W. K. J.

LI.

The Words.

TO free my *second* from oppression sore
 My *first* arose, not powerful or renown'd,
 But trusting in the strength of a good cause,
 In Heaven's mercy, and the fervent prayers,
 And the strong arm of an enslaved nation;
 Much did he sacrifice, much do and dare
 At honour's call, and in my *second's* cause,
 And, for some little space, it seem'd as though
 He had not striven in vain; and even yet
 My *second* might arise and stand once more
 Joyful and undismay'd amidst her peers;
 But soon there came a rude awakening,
 Dash'd were the dreams of peace and liberty;
 And he, my *first*, fell victim to the storm
 That pour'd relentless on my *second's* head;
 But still his memory lives, and still, whene'er
 His name is named, my *second* doth implore
 Peace to the soul of her heroic son.

The Letters (5).

1. One of a poor degraded race, the slaves of ancient Greece.
2. Feebly this glorious universe to represent I try.
3. One of the gallant band who sought the Arctic seas to explore.
4. Sweet sounds, through my enchanter's power, are render'd sweeter still.
5. The mother of a noble race, by Scripture's page made known.

G. H. H.

LII.

The Words.

THE clear and steady lamp directs
 The traveller on his way ;
 While the bright wanderer of the marsh
 Must lead his feet astray.

So, in a mazy, devious course
 My *second* leads the soul,
 Which scorns the guidance of my *first*,
 And ne'er attains its goal.

The phantom-likeness of my *first*
 My *second* often seems,
 As bright and clear ; but, trust it not,
 Life has no time for dreams.

The Letters (5).

1. A general true to fatherland, whose rival join'd
 the foe.
2. I measure heat and cold—all shades, from glowing
 iron to snow.
3. I heap up treasure by the means of others' want
 and woe.
4. A southern stream redden'd with strife of late and
 long ago.
5. Docile in classic hands, I now have lost my grace
 and flow.

M. C. J.

LIII.

The Words.

AS lures the rattlesnake, with mournful charm,
 The shy bird from his cozy, peaceful nest ;
 As swift as, at the sound of rude alarm,
 The weary soldier leaves his wish'd-for rest ;
 So, wheresoever doth my *first* appear,
 My *second* soon will certainly be near.

My *second* comes when dear ones gasp for breath ;
 My *first* doth lead, my *second* spurs it on ;
 My *second* soon the scene of recent death
 Forsakes. My *first* stays when my *second's* gone.
 Both make the gay one sad, the strong man weak ;
 And soon or late to all men both must speak.

The Letters (5).

1. Wee, wing'd tormentor of the sultry eve.
2. Nature's best ornament of Earth's most fair.
3. Thread of the webs that science loves to weave.
4. Usurper false, to whom fools fondly cleave.
5. Sweet ministers of Summer's balmy air.

R. C. L.

LIV.

The Words.

WITHOUT my *first*, my *second* would
 Have nought in the wide world to do;
 Without my *second*, would my *first*
 Be waste of time and trouble too.

My *second* spend their time and thoughts
 Upon my *first*, whose aim and end
 To do them good, to give them joy,
 And work on which their skill to spend.

My *second* are a numerous band,
 Who labour hard, yet love their trade;
 My *first* a work requiring thought,
 And patience, and reflection's aid.

The Letters (8).

1. A pastime needing talent, time, and clothes.
2. Turkey upon my shores her shadow throws.
3. This Frenchman's written page is full of rhyme.
4. We help to kill the undergraduate's time.
5. My Asiatic tour is widely famed.
6. Finger in others' pies I put unblamed.
7. With joy I see the weary traveller halt.
8. Death was my penance, telling lies my fault.

E. J.

LV.

The Words.

TWO Englishmen, our names in equipoise,
One wields an ancient weapon, *one* destroys;
One rules in realms of thought for ever and aye,
 The *other* claims to rule, his little day,
 O'er wider regions still, mid ebb and flow,
 And time's unresting sea, forgotten now.
 The like of *one* our land has never known,
 Nor found a second for the *other's* throne.

The Letters (10).

1. I lost an army in a single night.
2. I help to keep the soldier's armour bright.
3. I bloom on land, and also in the sea.
4. Pacific dreams have those who think of me.
5. I wander freely in the wilderness.
6. The then known world my empire did confess.
7. I make your tea, and oftentimes your milk.
8. I am enhanced by jewels and by silk.
9. I'm many thousand miles beneath your feet.
10. A fortune may be lost by my retreat.

W. K. J.

LVI.

The Words.

THE darkest and the holiest deeds,
 Have stain'd and graced my *second's* sod ;
 She has received a glorious crown,
 And smarted 'neath correction's rod ;
 And what her fate in future days may be
 Is still involved in deepest mystery.

My *first* was once a term applied
 To one who sought my *second's* shore
 With holy purpose. But it now
 Has lost the sense which once it bore ;
 Listless and slow is he it now implies,
 And careless of the speed with which time flies.

The Letters (9).

1. My sable class protects you from a fearful death.
2. My morning smiles can open even weary eyes.
3. I train the youthful mind, fair Sweden's sky beneath.
4. Trembling and unrefresh'd I make the sleeper rise.
5. Athens, why should I die in exile and betray'd ?
6. I dog your every deed, relentless, undismay'd.
7. Each European stage has echo'd with my strain.
8. A spot whose site no man can hope to ascertain.
9. A port that strove against the Gallic priest in vain.

M. C. J.

LVII.

The Words.

MY *first* and *second* have never met,
 And never will meet, I trow,
 Though both were born in the self-same land,
 And dwell in it even now.

They are rivals, too, for beauty's palm,
 And their rivalry cannot cease;
 For their envious friends will never grant
 That both alike may please.

But though their friends thus sully their charms,
 We our homage may pay at both shrines;
 And, if their loveliness wins our hearts,
 Their use e'en their beauty outshines.

The Letters (5).

1. You would not choose to qualify your character by
 me.
2. A weapon often deadly, but not like the rifle ball.
3. My work is on the ocean, or upon some inland sea.
4. My name abides in many a house, and there is seen
 by all.
5. You may safely yield your arms to me, for I their
 guard can be.

M. G.

LVIII.

The Words.

LIKE fabled gardens, where Armida lured
 The heroes of the cross, my *first* appears,
 The very home of pleasure and repose,
 Brilliant in beauty, rich in wealth and pride,
 And careless of all grief beyond its bounds.
 Such selfish pleasure brought a hideous fall;
 My *second*, like a hurricane, or like
 The avenging fire which once on Sodom fell,
 Bursts sudden on my *first*. The lights go out,
 The music ceases, and the revellers
 With shrieks are hurried to their dreadful doom.

The Letters (10).

1. A servant of the Church, of grave and sober mien.
2. What taste achieves, but vulgar riches ne'er attain.
3. The second vowel add, and I'm a bailiff good.
4. From the fair Grecian Isles list to my dulcet strain.
5. The very storehouse and the home of Mars I seem.
6. With me e'en holy Sion appears an airy dream.
7. Tiny memento of dead hope or present love.
8. I rival in my hues the beauteous heaven above.
9. A subtle web about our faltering footsteps wound,
10. Join'd with the fairest flower my name is ever
 found.

M. C. J.

LIX.

The Words.

SWEET *first*, in thy bright, beauteous form
 A child of Nature's own we view ;
 Yet this same *first*, if rhymes be true,
 Hath long been lost to friendship warm.

'Twas years ago, to English shores,
 From off my *second's* plains he came,
 And wrought a deathless deed of fame,
 That drove foul error from our doors.

Alack, that oft my *second* now,
 In plural number, should prevail
 To crush men's noblest powers, and pall
 Their cheeks, and e'en in stupor bow.

The Letters (7).

1. A tract of Africa, whose tribe serves ocean, trees,
and snakes.
2. A Grecian monarch's child, whose soul another
body takes.
3. The noise will cease when I appear, whether on
sea or land.
4. My blood-stain'd form once saved the house before
whose door I stand.
5. Three ladies press me with their heels in anxious,
angry pride.
6. You love to meet me out of doors, but most of all
inside.
7. My slavery is my disgrace, tobacco is my pride.

R. C. L.

LX.

The Words.

BY history, fiction, and by song,
 And exhortation too, my *first* has striven
 Ever to plead my *second's* cause
 With all the wit and power by nature given.

Perchance, like many a champion bold,
 His zeal his moderation has outrun ;
 But few, who pause to weigh and judge
 A question on all sides, have victories won.

He saw the past misread, the present fail,
 Because my *second* none would cultivate.
 His work was great ; but now beware
 Too strong reaction from the former state.

The Letters (8).

1. Best boon that man to suffering souls can bring.
2. That which is not permitted by the law.
3. My son was captain of the greatest king.
4. Well-nigh the basest tax the world e'er saw.
5. This modern palmer trod the holy soil.
6. Carpet whose hues surpass the Persian dyes.
7. Not on ideas, but on their clothes, I toil.
8. The time when good advice we little prize.

W. K. J.

LXI.

The Words.

MY *second*—let me speak thy name with awe!
 A glorious roll of heroes and of saints
 Thy sons present. Amid that noble band
 My *first* stands forth with grand commanding form,
 Inflexible of will and true in heart—
 A king o'er common men.

He work'd in fields
 Yielding more toil than glory for reward,
 Content to wait for fruit till future years;
 But thou, my *second*, mark'd with little pride
 His labours manifold. To thee he seem'd
 A son undutiful; and grievous strife
 Was waged 'twixt thee and him. He felt thy frown,
 But persevered in what he deem'd the right;
 But, as his course was closing, thou didst smile
 Once more, and open wide thine arms. With joy
 He heard thy call, and sought his youthful haunts
 Once more; and his last works were wrought for thee.

The Letters (6).

1. I chronicled the deeds of the great Charles's host.
2. Men say the Queen of Heaven commands me at
her will.
3. The grand-dame pins me close when wintry winds
are shrill.
4. The flowing wine, so rich and splendid, is my boast.
5. Things that were useful once, but now are cast
away.
6. The worn-out traveller at the close of life's long day.

M. C. J.

LXII.

The Words.

THE hand of science to my *first*
 Has wisely been applied,
 And changed it from an engine rude
 To one of vigour tried.

My *second*, a word of foreign growth,
 Used even in ages rude,
 Transplanted to our tongue, becomes
 A noun of multitude.

My *first* and *second* fitly join'd
 In order as they're sent,
 Will form a whole, alike design'd
 For use and ornament.

About its name and nature both
 I have too long descanted ;
 Enough to say, it will be found
 Wherever it is wanted.

The Letters (5).

1. 'Midst mountain crags I love to roam alone.
2. Kings my protection oftentimes have sought.
3. I serve a power more dreaded than the throne.
4. The sight of me recalls each childish thought.
5. Through me the comforts of a home are known,
 Even amidst a palace and a throne.

W. G.

LXIII.

The Words.

OUR name is legion ; over districts wide
 We hold a gentle sway. We are not proud,
 Though form'd in beauty's mould. We neither hide
 Our charms, nor force them upon public view.
 We share with others both their weal and woe.
 Behold my *first*. My *second* the domains
 In which my *first* appear : more useful they
 Than are my *first*, though oftentimes that use
 Is shared by both, uniting for good end.
 Both meet us in the country's regions fair.
 Seek them in cities—you'll not find them there.

The Letters (7).

1. Sleep's solace oft, and often too its curse.
2. A mineral product of a certain worth.
3. An island famous in the Church's annals.
4. A passage where the passers-by must pay.
5. A famous builder's curious Christian name.
6. That which we do when we the bad avoid.
7. A common dish afforded by the sea.

W. K. J.

LXIV.

The Words.

SOME saints there are whom fortune hard
 For ever seems to chase;
 Just so my *first* you all regard,
 And yet how hard its case!
 Within my *second's* limits barr'd,
 Or treasured in some humbler place.

My *first* good people read before
 They kneel to evening prayers.
 Oft from my *second* warnings pour
 A call from earth's affairs;
 And while this helps us best to soar,
 Both this and that have stairs.

Perchance my *second* you have seen
 Mid London's sin and sorrow;
 'Tis worth the pains, if you've not been—
 My *first* will be going to-morrow.
 For from my *second* oft, I ween,
 My *first* its sole support can borrow.

The Letters (5).

1. Bequeathed to France by her great priest, I swell
 her great king's fame.
2. The heavens, and yonder earthly throne, per-
 petuate my name.
3. One of a large society of mutual, generous aim.
4. For love of me the bigot burns, for me the martyr
 dies.
5. A German painter of repute, who loved our English
 skies.

R. C. L.

LXV.

The Words.

THE ship, that long has braved the storm,
 Splits on the rock at last;
 The stag at length is brought to bay,
 Though he has fled so fast.

So, in my *first*, my *second* found
 His ruin. Oft before
 Fortune had fail'd to strike; but then
 He fell to rise no more.

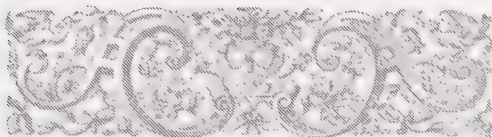
Glory and power and praise were his;
 From low estate he rose;
 By strength of will, and purpose firm,
 He trampled down his foes.

Ambition's highest tower must fall;
 My *first* has rung his knell;
 Henceforth my *second* dwelt apart;
 History his end may tell.

The Letters (8).

1. A heathen god; yet Christians celebrate my name.
2. Save for her cautious king, I had swell'd England's fame.
3. I thrive by revolution; otherwise I fall.
4. Tell not your secrets here; I shall repeat them all.
5. My crime is disobedience to the powers that be.
6. The hero of two worlds, I tamed the madden'd throng.
7. A knight who graced the court of Charlemagne of old.
8. Another gave to me the credit of his song.

M. C. J.



DOUBLE ACROSTICS AND CHARADES.

LXVI.

The Words.



Y first for many weary years,
Was exiled from his home,
Though joys and sorrows, hopes and
fears,
For life compell'd to roam.

But firm and undismay'd he stood,
In heavenly armour clad ;
And earn'd the blessing of the good,
The homage of the bad.

Years pass'd away—a solemn train
Fruitful of good and ill.
And o'er my *second's* barren plain,
The sea-breeze whistled shrill.

When lo! a haughty tyrant's band,
Upon my *second's* shore,
Was caught by God's avenging hand ;
And sank to rise no more.

Years rolled away ; my *second's* plains
 With peace and plenty smiled.
 And now my *whole* the strife maintains
 'Midst civil tumult wild.

Who is my *whole* ? Some paint him great,
 Like him whose name he bore ;
 And some, like him, who met his fate
 Upon my *second's* shore.

We will not seek, in this short song,
 That question to discover,
 But pray that, whether right or wrong,
 His strife may soon be over.

The Letters (7).

1. I had an elder brother ; but he used me very ill.
2. We did our duty firmly ; but 'twas much against
 our will.
3. Upon my solemn moments let no ill-timed mirth
 intrude.
4. I have been sometimes eaten ; but I am not good
 for food.
5. My language and my race alike are different from
 yours.
6. No mortal could o'ertake me when I went my
 midnight tours.
7. If you should try to count me, and continue every
 hour,
 To end the task within a week were scarce within
 your power.

W. G.

LXVII.

The Words.

M*Y first* is said of many things. Its sound
 Is sweet as any thing on earth can be—
 Nay more; it carries us beyond earth's bound—
 It has a ring of heavenly minstrelsy.
 Behold yon loving pair, not three days one,
 It speaks to them unutterable bliss;
 A gale from out the better world seems won,
 Which casts a perfect fragrance over this.

My second speaks at once of lofty sway,
 Of power which, wisely wielded, none may brave;
 Of refuge for the oppress'd: of manhood's day
 Prompt to arrange, and powerful to save—
 The wisest, bravest, ready at the call
 To render service for the good of all.

My whole might seem to have reach'd perfection's
 height,
My second's glories by *my first* enhanced;
 A barrier to have raised to hinder quite
 The near approach of any ill that chanced.
 But no; the fall's sad curse is on it still,
 Its cup of sorrow mantling to the fill.

The Letters (6).

1. Guess me, and you will soon the acrostic guess.
2. A small obstructive, having mighty power.
3. A sacred nook off Scotland's lonely coast.
4. Goliath's challenge to his ruddy foe.
5. As day declines, 'tis sweet to welcome me.
6. While silently we fall upon the earth.

W. K. J.

LXVIII.

The Words.

SIR Everard lay by his broken shield,
 And he was like to die ;
 For my *first* was gone, though in many a field
 It had kept him company.

But now he must wait till my *second* arrives,
 When victory closes the day ;
 And those of his friends who escape with their lives
 Shall come and bear him away.

Sir Everard sat in his lady's bower,
 And my *whole* to him she sang ;
 Though he miss'd my *first* ; yet, in that sweet hour,
 Of grief there was left no pang.

The Letters (3).

1. One draught of me cures discontent.
2. The process of development.
3. I to a prophet shelter lent.

A. G. S.

LXIX.

The Words.

THRICE, within seven hundred years,
 Have my *first's* sad echoes peal'd,
 'Mid my *second's* walls, for those
 Whom my *whole* in death hath seal'd.

See the world's proud conqueror here,
 Wasting many a weary hour.
 Here old England's banner finds
 One more trophy of her power.

Dear Old England! should thy sons
 Fail in all they try or dare,
 Never would we trust my *first*—
 The vainest mockery of a prayer.

The Letters (4).

1. We've sworn to guard our native land.
2. I part a mother and her child.
3. A brave old warrior's honour'd brand.
4. Your country's laws are here compiled.

R. C. L.

LXX.

The Words.

MIDST orange-groves and luscious vines,
 Where chestnuts form their leafy blinds;
 To shade the autumnal heat;
 Where sparkling fountains check their flow
 To mourn o'er Spanish pride brought low,
My first seeks his retreat.

And if the reason you inquire,
 Why paled that old chivalric fire,
 Which made the crescent flee—
 Why sank that Christian power and might
 Which once turn'd Moorish hosts to flight—
My second is a key.

The nation to dishonour brought,
 Which then high honour only sought
 In pomp and chivalry—
 Whose name, so honour'd and so proud,
 Now lies despised by every crowd,
Is my whole's simile.

The Letters (3).

1. A mode of conveyance well known in the East.
2. Of a numerous family, I am the least.
3. If present, I should not diminish your feast.

G. E. F

LXXI.

The Words.

WITHOUT my *first*, how poor this world had
 been,
 How slight men's hope a better world to win—
 A nameless chaos every noble mind:
 And e'en my *whole* had left no fruit behind.

Where dwells my *second*? Every thing you see
 Boasts it its own in different degree;
 And when my *first* to wisdom owe their birth,
 These too my *second* claim, and bless the earth.

Divide the two? how strange and sad the thought,
 That men should waste their noblest powers for nought.
 Unite my *first* and *second*; and you greet
 A name that links my *first* to music sweet.

The Letters (5).

1. O'er gentle streams my graceful form I spread.
2. By these cursed hands my own true wife lies dead.
3. Fortune has raised me o'er my fellow men.
4. Such were you once—such will you be again.
5. Desponding soul, avoid this treacherous fen.

R. C. L.

LXXII.

The Words.

MY *first* tells many tales, yet cannot speak;
The old my *second's* shelter often seek.
Place but my *second* near my *first*—and lo!
You shudder if too near my *first* it go.

The Letters (3).

1. A good support for weariness, or thought, or indolence.
2. A town of Canaan, Israel's guilt awhile was its defence.
3. A sign of violence, or want, or careless negligence.

R. C. L.

LXXIII.

The Words.

M*Y first* denotes complete success ;
My *second* tells of youthful grace ;
My *whole* most plainly doth confess
The glory of the Saxon race.

One day my *first* and *second* went
Together to the ocean's brink—
My *second* o'er the waters bent ;
My *first* beneath the waves did sink.

And then my *second* raised her head,
And watch'd the angry billows roll ;
" My love is far away," she said ;
And sadly look'd towards my *whole*.

The Letters (3).

1. I turn things upside down.
2. I wore a kingly crown.
3. I won a bad renown.

W. G.

LXXIV.

The Words.

L END your aid, my *whole*, and over the sea,
 Pursued by my *first*, we'll roam;
 Since duty has beckon'd, farewell, my *second*—
 Farewell to thee and home.

But, wherever I stray, for thee I'll pray;
 And my *first* shall devour thy praises;
 For, whatever silly people may say,
 No distance true love razes.

The Letters (4).

1. Well used, for many a year, to thoughtless resolution.
2. A gloomy prison-isle of a tyrant's constitution.
3. Before I changed my form, too late I loved a shade.
4. The most attractive charm of many a modern maid.

R. C. L.

LXXV.

The Words.

WAS it folly, or was it a poem work'd out?
 A little too fine for the critics, no doubt.
 The wise shake their heads, and call it quixotic;
 Yet poets have sung it—our own—though exotic.
 A prince, setting out from his grandest of homes,
 With towers all round, and the three sacred domes,
 To bind, in a mystical union complete,
 Him and his, with the “beautiful friend” at their feet;
 Committing my *second* the choicest he had,
 The purest in nature, with art's richest clad;
 (As he look'd at its beauty, most likely there stole
 O'er his face for a moment some trace of my *whole*)
 To my *first* in its brightest and loveliest form—
 Below cool and blue, above sunny and warm.
 Not such as we've seen it, dark, rugged, white-crested,
 But gentle and green were the slopes where he rested.

Since my *second* form'd round her in chains of my *first*,
 Very seldom my *whole* Britain's counsels has cursed.

The Letters (4).

1. The strongest and swiftest of national guards.
2. One of the latest of Italy's bards.
3. Of well-merited fears I am always the slave.
4. A second success to Columbus I gave.

W. H. S.

LXXVI.

The Words.

MY *first* is heard where wit and wine
 Combine to grace the festive board;
My *second* are seen where captives pine
 In dungeons of a cruel lord.
My *whole*, alas! contains the doom'd,
 Twice burn'd by fire, e'er once consumed.

The Letters (5).

1. A place of strength to guard our English coast.
2. I was bombarded by a foreign host.
3. Trollope has chronicled my name full well.
4. Ask Magdeburg my dreadful tale to tell.
5. We will defend our land; and, come what may,
 England shall never fall into decay.

J. H. H.

LXXVII.

The Words.

M*Y first* is a child of sin,
Without one fair point about it;
Yet the world, and the people therein,
Would never get on without it.

My second is ragged and rough,
And it wriggles to and fro,
As it tries to make partings smooth enough
For those who would have them so.

My whole is the heart of a race
Oppress'd and over-run;
To certain great lands a lasting disgrace,
And a thorn in the side of one.

The Letters (3).

1. What labour may claim.
2. A field of ill fame.
3. A quarrel's rude name.

R. C. L.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS

LXXVIII.

The Words.

MY *first* my *second* is,
Though often in disguise;
And all the works my *first* performs
My *second* are likewise.

My *whole* into our minds
In childhood was received;
When nought was too remote to please,
Too strange to be believed.

The Letters (3).

1. I'm white and smooth and fair.
2. My gifts are rich and rare.
3. I wander everywhere.

W. G.

LXXIX.

The Words.

THE sun was setting o'er the field,
 The battle raged its worst,
 When Donald cried : "And will ye yield?
 No ! charge again, my *first* !"

" Charge for my *second's* fading rights !
 If fate shall do her worst,
 Still let us die as noble knights—
 So charge again my *first* !"

The fight is o'er ; the noble laird
 Lies in a dungeon bound,
 Where nothing but my *whole* is heard—
 So desolate a sound.

The Letters (4).

1. The war-cry of mimic invaders.
2. The sire of a privileged race.
3. A stronghold which dared the crusaders.
4. If you whip me I'll quicken my pace.

E. S.

LXXX.

The Words.

M*Y first* is what all men possess,
 Though not in equal measure;
 Most have but one—but some have two—
 'Tis those who have most leisure.

My second echoes through the church
 Of village, town or city;
 At weddings 'tis the sound of joy,
 At funerals of pity.

My whole far off across the sea
 From day to day are toiling;
 Without their toil 't would be in vain
 To set the kettle boiling.

The Letters (4).

1. The home of my hard-working *whole* far away.
2. I carry the vessel secure through the spray.
3. I stand for, "this is what I'm anxious to say."
4. I'm shut up for life from my comrades so gay.

E. S.

LXXXI.

The Words.

HARK, a gun! what is the matter?
Is that a vessel in distress?
Amid the rain and wind that clatter,
A signal seems to answer, "Yes."

My whole has follow'd, for many an acre;
My whole, an unrelenting foe;
And threatens soon to overtake her,
And then *my first* will lay her low.

'Midst wind and rain their passion venting,
And hard pursued by such a foe,
So powerful and unrelenting,
What hope can those poor sailors know.

But see! That shot, the vessel leaving,
Has pierced *my whole's* gigantic side;
Its head just now the clouds was cleaving;
But now the waves its ruins hide.

And listen, as the monster's falling,
My first has raised a furious hiss,
Receiving it with loud bewailing,
And burying it in the deep abyss.

And now the ship, no danger fearing,
Can speed to port without a care—
Where round the festive board so cheering
My second's draughts the crew may share.

The Letters (5).

1. We are supposed to weep and wail.
2. I am a monkey without its tail.
3. Companion I to home-brewed ale.
4. I am a cousin to the quail.
5. Without me health and strength would fail.

M. S.

LXXXII.

The Words.

WARRIOR and poet, judge, divine,
 Peasant, and peer of ancient line,
 Among my *whole* are found.
 But if they gather in my *first*
 As foemen, forth at once should burst
 My *second's* warning sound.

The Letters (4).'

1. A scion of a kingly race.
2. A fruit which your dessert will grace.
3. A prize of valour, learning, skill.
4. What doctors give you when you're ill.

W. A. S.

LXXXIII.

The Words.

M*Y first* is found in every land, with every tribe
 and race,
 And will be so, till every grain of earth is dashed from
 space.
 Behold it now in brigand's cave, or now in ether clear;
 'Tis loved by all and feared by all—can decimate or
 cheer—
 Can spoil my *second's* beauteous form, the fruit of toil
 true hearted,
 And write upon it "Ichabod," her glory is "departed."
 Touch not my *first*; my *second* claims an empire over all,
 Yet each one knows it is his own, and thinks the right
 a thrall.
 The wise men are its closest friends, these love it from
 its birth,
 And, cast upon the world, it floats their fame about the
 earth.
 My *whole* is on the raging waves; and in the deadly
 fray.
 It helps to make a nation glad, and keep our children
 gay.

The Letters (4).

1. So are all those who know and serve the truth in
 spite of snares.
2. So have some generous souls, ere now, lodged angels
 unawares.
3. I dwell by storm-toss'd barks, and 'mid the thou-
 sand wars of old.
4. In western wilds my dangerous feet avoid the hunter
 bold.

R. C. L.

LXXXIV.

The Words.

THERE are full many men who boast
 They are my *first* to all who live.
 My *second*, little boys, be sure,
 Will be returned, if them you give.
 My *whole* are small asylums, where
 The hot-brain'd and light-headed live.

The Letters (5).

1. I am the queen of a people small.
2. A Grecian god worshipp'd by all.
3. Upon young and old I yearly fall.
4. I tried in death to feel serene.
5. Count me, and stop at just thirteen.

E. S.

LXXXV.

The Words.

THE fight is o'er ; to his native shore
 The warrior speeds in glory ;
 But my *first* is a terrible mark that he bears,
 And it tells a sad stern story.

'Tis the part of all, both great and small,
 To be warriors in life's fight ;
 And my *second* would hinder each step we take
 In the march to the good and right.

But I must not be rising to moralizing—
 The bell calls down to dinner,
 And more than one of my *whole* await
 The teeth of this warrior-sinner !

The Letters (3).

1. I'm often lick'd by something warm.
2. The largest house that e'er was made.
3. I often follow on my *whole*.

R. C. L.

LXXXVI.

The Words.

THE good ship strains amid my *first*
 The friendly shore to gain ;
 But fearful shocks from unseen rocks
 Proclaim her efforts vain.

When on a sudden—lo ! a bell,
 Hoarse from my *second's* cover,
 Speaks danger near, and bids them fear
 Around the spot to hover.

Oh, woe unto the fair ship then !
 If, in the hour of dread,
 A single soul should show my *whole*—
 By foolish weakness led.

The Letters (4).

1. Of the means, not the ends, I am always in quest.
2. Unexpectedly pleasant in verse or in jest.
3. Through us come all knowledge, all pleasure, all
 pain.
4. I rise for my meals and then sink back again.

E. S.

LXXXVII

The Words.

IN the spring-time oft my *second* is found,
 Brightening the country all around;
 Hail! all hail! to the joyous spring,
 For she bringeth life upon her wing.

New life awakening plants and flowers
 To rejoice in the merry summer hours,
 'Neath autumn's sun to ripen their fruit,
 And in winter again to be still and mute.

My *first* is pleasant, when winter is here,
 And spring is far, and Jack Frost is near;
 And, as we sit round the crackling blaze,
 We do not regret the summer days.

Yet my *first*, without my beautiful *whole*,
 Would never be seen from pole to pole;
 My *whole* is my *second*, my *second* in time
 Becometh my *first*. So now guess my rhyme.

The Letters (7).

1. The beast who roams the forest loveth me.
2. In Roman history my name you'll see.
3. Speak, I reply; be silent, I'm so too.
4. Refreshing oft in summer's heat to you.
5. I founded once a city fair and great.
6. I follow after any sad mistake.
7. I oft assist to move a heavy weight,
 And never fail unless my tackling break.

F. E. J.

LXXXVIII.

The Words.

MOST creatures have a type of noble mould,
 From which the species degenerate :
 So, with my *first*, the type is great and bold,
 The species is neither bold nor great.

The ardent vows of every love-lorn swain ;
 The warriors who arose when Roderick beckon'd ;
 The teeming fancies of the poet's brain :
 None, none of these could ever be my *second*.

My *whole* is heard—and, o'er the forest glade,
 And o'er the plain, untimely darkness steals ;
 The edict of a tyrant is obey'd,
 And every sound a poet's theme reveals.

The Letters (3).

1. Reward of toil severe and long-protracted.
2. Dislike by me is often counteracted.
3. Within my walls much business is transacted.

W. G.

LXXXIX.

The Words.

DEAR is my *first*: its earliest hour
 Brings thankfulness and joy.
 And, though not long'd for ere it comes,
 When come, whate'er alloy
 May mar its prospect or its peace,
 Few love to think it e'er could cease.

My *second* oft my *first* maintains,
 And feeds or cheers mankind;
 To half earth's charms, without its aid,
 We ever should be blind;
 Yet danger, ever and anon,
 Attends its way and lures it on.

This *second*, in its noblest form,
 My *whole* presents to view;
 My *first's* dear friend, and, oftentimes,
 Its only refuge too.
 All glory to my *whole*, whose fame
 May British heroes long proclaim!

The Letters (4).

1. Our children's favourite when alive, and dear to
 all when dead.
2. What every man must e'en confess, however proud
 his air.
3. In green-house shade I raise my head, my stately-
 drooping head.
4. The scene of many a holy war, and many a pilgrim's
 prayer.

R. C. L.

XC.

The Words.

MANY a century has vanish'd, nations crumbled
 into dust,
 Since our gallant old forefathers saw my *first* upon
 their coast ;
 Wondrous then must they have deem'd it, proof of
 superhuman skill ;
 Soon they had to bow them lowly, subject to their
 conqueror's will,
 And in misery, as my *second*, parted from their native
 land,
 Many and many a high-born Briton trod the hated
 stranger's strand.
 Ah ! my *whole* must claim our pity. Oft, amid their
 wretched band,
 Many a noble heart has languish'd, exiled from his
 native land,
 Spurn'd and goaded into madness, treated as a fellow
 vile,
 Stranger to all joy and gladness, never seen or known
 to smile.

The Letters (6).

1. My vapours have full many slain.
2. On me the Cyclops plied their might.
3. Go seek me on Pompeii's plain.
4. I name a Polish town aright.
5. When day declines its place I share.
6. A long'd for answer to a prayer.

J. H. H.

XCI.

The Words.

FROM a lordly hall my *second* stepped,
 And she was tall and fair,
 With eyes as blue as the summer skies,
 And long and golden hair.

She met my *whole*, going gaily by,
 With my *first* upon her head,
 With a rose on her cheek, and a light in her eye,
 And a gay and springing tread.

Then my *second* wept full sore, and said :
 " Care stands at the palace door :
 And the clouds hang darker o'er its roof,
 Than o'er the cottage poor.

" Cushions of velvet, and carpets of silk
 Beneath my feet are spread ;
 But I would that I were my merry *whole*,
 With my *first* upon her head."

The Letters (4).

1. I guide the steady needle right across the stormy
SEA.
2. The poet in his beauteous songs embodies beauteous
me.
3. A " foreign brother " in sunny lands I beg my
daily bread.
4. I'm a merry little animal in a green and sunny
mead.

F. E. J.

XCII.

The Words.

MY *first* is the long and dreary way
Which my *second* has to go ;
The gloomy walls shut out the day,
And make his progress slow.

But he treads along with a merry laugh,
And scorns the dirt and dark ;
And, when his labour is done but half,
Shouts victory to the lark.

The Letters (7).

1. I grow in many a reedy rill.
2. The question after all inventions.
3. Many a little pond I fill.
4. I carry off your good intentions.
5. One tide belonging to the ocean.
6. A name that lives in memory.
7. By me you calculate the motion
Of things below and in the sky.

E. S.

XCIII.

The Words.

O COCKNEY, bless fair August's month ! O yield
 him thanks, fair maids !
 Shout, busy fathers, lustily ! and children seize your
 spades !
 My *whole*, move down and take us in—what matters
 wind or tide ?
 My *first* is what we cannot have, except by ocean's
 side.

Ye men of toil, leave work awhile, if ever Nature
 beckon'd
 From greedy gain, its counsels plain, to leave my noisy
second ;
 All honour to the heads that planned, the hands that
 work its wonders :
 But head and hands alike must rest a little from its
 thunders.

Come all, and drown your cares awhile—trust one
 who's often tried—
 In England's *semper eadem*, her safeguard and her
 pride.

The Letters (7).

1. I travel from the sun and help to roof your habi-
 tation.
2. This great, good man long years ago subdued your
 land and nation.
3. Here day and night, with equal might, contend
 without cessation.

4. This famed musician lends his name to a sign of
disputation.
5. In Britain, Spain, and Italy, but ne'er in France,
I dwell.
6. How bold ~~was~~ he who first tried me; yet sailors
love me well.
7. Children's delight on a wintry night, and good for
mastication.

R. C. I.

XCIV.

The Words.

WHEN the candles are my *first*
In the church, it may be reckoned
That my *whole* will be rehearsed,
If of priests there are my *second*.

The Letters (3).

1. 'Tis said I taught my pupils how to lie.
2. The good and bad with equal hand I try.
3. To keep me safe the brave man ought to die.

W. G.

XCV.

The Words.

M*Y first* is found in every land where cultured
 mortals dwell,
 Required amid the palace-walls, nor spared in pri-
 soner's cell;
 Yet men refined conceal its face, and keep it out of
 sight,
 By various soft appliances, or veilings smooth and
 bright.
 Yet e'en, though hid beneath my *whole*, it oft attracts
 the gaze
 Of the maiden fair, whose beauty rare has won a lover's
 praise;
 Of the culprit, weeping bitterly for shame and sorrow
 blent,
 Or the sage enrapt in thought profound, or the babe
 in wonder bent.
 And when, another day begun, the morning feast is
 spread,
 And when a long night's silent toil has rack'd the
 student's head;
 To both my *second* bears its aid, now large and fair
 and plain:
 Now used to quench the burning fire that wastes the
 weary brain.

The Letters (5).

1. Devoted with excessive zeal.
2. A living type of glory.
3. I murder'd her I won so well.
4. I deck the spot on which I dwell.
5. How sad the city's story.

R. C. L.

XCVI.

The Words.

SWEET peace is over land and main;
 And peace in many a home doth reign.
 Peace be within that noble breast,
 Which, scorning tyranny's behest,
 My *second* bends in pain!

For him, no more the rising sun
 Proclaims a new day's joys begun;
 The upland, where my *first* is found,
 For him is now forbidden ground—
 And all for duty done!

God made my *first*, and His kind arm
 Can spoil my *second's* power to harm,
 And make thy soul, brave man, as bright
 As babes, who in my *whole* delight,
 Whom no rude cares alarm.

The Letters (5).

1. You ask me for my reason—I've not any.
2. With *s* before this tree it may be round you.
3. A wine as medicine often used by many.
4. This mountain's name is one that e'er has bound
 you.
5. A certain sign that weariness has found you.

R. C. L.

XCVII.

The Words.

MY *first* is a native of the soil,
Though much improved by human toil;
By humble peasants it is stored,
And treasured by the noble lord.

Well may the trembling culprit fear
My *second*, to each recreant near;
Yet, when it sweeps a lady's cheek,
What else can give an air so meek?

My *whole* may claim a useful end,
Cleanliness, light, on it depend.

The Letters (4).

1. I left my traces on a wall.
2. My master left behind his cloak.
3. Dusky men before me fall.
4. I soon am ended in a smoke.

E. S.

XCVIII.

The Words.

LET us welcome my beautiful *first*,
When it comes our halls to grace,
And when, in the coldest winter days,
It lights up every place.

Let us welcome my *second* also,
When they peep from under my *first*,
Or when, in the dark and lonesome wood,
Upon our glad view they burst.

Let us welcome my beautiful *whole*,
When we travel far and near,
Let us prize them more than silver bright,
Or diamonds shining clear.

The Letters (5).

1. For troublesome men I'm a very good thing.
2. And I am a unit for ever.
3. I was a despotic and passionate king.
4. I'm discovered in many a river.
5. Both trouble and joy we are likely to bring,
They're a couple no power can dis sever.

K. G.

XCIX.

The Words.

THE sailor, steering for his home,
 Makes ready for the worst,
 When, through the fast increasing gloom,
 His eye discerns my *first*.

The gambler can with pain disguise
 The danger that may fall;
 For, if my *second* meets his eyes,
 He may chance to lose his all.

And, if you search the world around,
 It will be very droll,
 If any solid things are found
 Which have not got my *whole*.

The Letters (4).

1. 'Tis useless to attempt to flee from me.
2. A noble Saxon I, of high degree.
3. To me a poet could not say farewell.
4. The pain I cause no mortal tongue can tell.

W. G.

C.

The Words.

O BRIGHTLY smiled my *first* upon my *whole*,
 In pleasant France, when, rising like one man,
 Vendée within my *second's* brief expanse
 Seized Fontenay, Montreuil and "stout Tournay."

Oh! never may my *whole* again be turn'd
 To usage fierce, as in those times gone by!
 'Twas made for peace and love, but cruel war
 Too often stains it with his blood-red hand.

The Letters (3).

1. I went to every country, and I sail'd the whole
 world round.
2. A very pleasant place am I, but how can I be
 found?
3. The bravest man of Gallia's host upon the Russian's
 ground.

J. H. H.



THE KEY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I.

The Words.—Crusade. Godfrey.

The Letters.—1. Coining. 2. Romeo. 3. Unlearned.
4. Staff. 5. Arthur. 6. Drake. 7. Economy.

II.

The Words.—Love. Wife.

The Letters.—1. Law. 2. Orsini. 3. Vif. 4.
Eurydice.

III.

The Words.—Niagara. Blondin.

The Letters.—1. N.B. 2. Ithuriel. 3. Ariosto.
4. Guardian. 5. Arphaxad. 6. Ricasoli. 7. Arran.

IV.

The Words.—Oak. Elm.

The Letters.—1. Ore. 2. April. 3. Kingdom.

V.

The Words.—Bread. Water.

The Letters.—1. Billow. 2. R.A. 3. Effect. 4. Anemone. 5. Dreamer.

VI.

The Words.—Charles. England.

The Letters.—1. Candace. 2. Heaven. 3. Agag. 4. Roll. 5. Loyola. 6. Eldon. 7. Strickland.

VII.

The Words.—Life. Love.

The Letters.—1. Lull. 2. Io. 3. Foxglov(e). 4. Eve.

VIII.

The Words.—Monarchy. Cromwell.

The Letters.—1. Music. 2. Odour. 3. Nuncio. 4. Agrigentum. 5. Review. 6. Corneille. 7. Hull. 8. Yell.

IX.

The Words.—Geneva. Calvin.

The Letters.—1. Gnostic. 2. Electra. 3. Novel. 4. Ecatherinoslav. 5. Veii. 6. Automaton.

X.

The Words.—Doubt. Faith.

The Letters.—1. Deaf. 2. Omega. 3. Uri. 4. Becket. 5. Thorough.

XI.

The Words.—Jason. Medea.

The Letters.—1. Janiculum. 2. Age. 3. Sinbad.
4. Enone. 5. Nana.

XII.

The Words.—Fawkes. Popery.

The Letters.—1. Fop. 2. Apollo. 3. Wasp. 4.
Kite. 5. Endeavour. 6. Security.

XIII.

The Words.—Heath. Gorse.

The Letters.—1. Herring. 2. Echo. 3. Archer.
4. Times. 5. Home.

XIV.

The Words.—Guy Faux. Faggots.

The Letters.—1. Gortschakoff. 2. Ursa. 3. Young.
4. Firing. 5. Ariosto. 6. Unit. 7. Xerxes.

XV.

The Words.—Hope. Fear.

The Letters.—1. Hoof. 2. One. 3. Pythia. 4.
Eleanor.

XVI.

The Words.—Greenwood. Robin-Hood.

The Letters.—1. Garner. 2. Romeo. 3. Ebb.
4. Eli. 5. Nathan. 6. Woolwich. 7. Odo. 8.
Otho. 9. Dunciad.

XVII.

The Words.—Scrooge. Dickens.

The Letters.—1. Seaweed. 2. Curiatii. 3. Roc.
4. Oak. 5. Oracle. 6. Gibbon. 7. Elis.

XVIII.

The Words.—Turkey. Greece.

The Letters.—1. Ticking. 2. Uproar. 2. Rice.
4. Kine. 5. Exotic. 6. Yule.

XIX.

The Words.—Music. Piano.

The Letters.—1. Map. 2. Uri. 3. Senna. 4. In-
quisition. 5. Cosmo.

XX.

The Words.—Slave. Trade.

The Letters.—1. Secret. 2. Latimer. 3. Ana-
thema. 4. Vanguard. 5. Extravagance.

XXI.

The Words.—Engine. London.

The Letters.—1. Evil. 2. Nuncio. 3. Gin. 4.
Icabod. 5. Nuncio. 6. Eden.

XXII.

The Words.—Clive. India.

The Letters.—1. Carboneri. 2. Littlejohn. 3.
Iceland. 4. *Veni vidi vici*. 5. Etna.

XXIII.

The Words.—Cat. Dog.

The Letters.—1. Costard. 2. Antonio. 3. Tring.

XXIV.

The Words.—Chisel. Mallet.

The Letters.—1. Custom. 2. Horatia. 3. Isabel.
4. Snail. 5. Eminence. 6. List.

XXV.

The Words.—Doll. Girl.

The Letters.—1. Dancing. 2. Omri. 3. Luther.
4. Laurel.

XXVI.

The Words.—Brunel. Thames.

The Letters.—1. Bossuet. 2. Reichsath. 3. Ursula.
4. Nym. 5. Erskine. 6. Lycidas.

XXVII.

The Words.—Melody. Zephyr.

The Letters.—1. Meroz. 2. Elaine. 3. Lamp.
4. Oh! 5. Derry. 6. Your.

XXVIII.

The Words.—Kohinoor. Diamonds.

The Letters.—1. Knighthood. 2. Orsini. 3. Himalaya.
4. Interregnum. 5. Novello. 6. Orchestrion.
7. Ormuzd. 8. Rhadamanthus.

XXIX.

The Words.—Space. Speed.

The Letters.—1. Sentiments. 2. Philip. 3. Ale.
4. Care. 5. End.

XXX.

The Words.—Pages. Index.

The Letters.—1. Paganini. 2. Aldebaran. 3.
Gold. 4. Ermine. 5. Sphinx.

XXXI.

The Words.—Gilpin. Cowper.

The Letters.—1. Garlic. 2. Incognito. 3. Lin-
lithgow. 4. Pulp. 5. Ivanhoe. 6. Neander.

XXXII.

The Words.—Prison. Bunyan.

The Letters.—Punjaub. 2. Rousseau. 3. Incl-
ination. 4. Say. 5. Orchestra. 6. Newton.*

XXXIII.

The Words.—Candle. Window.

The Letters.—1. Cow. 2. Ai. 3. Nun. 4. Dun-
ciad. 5. Loto. 6. Enow.

* Alluding to the dog who destroyed his papers.

XXXIV.

The Words.—Spectrum. Brewster.

The Letters.—1. Squib. 2. Palmer. 3. Evangeline. 4. Cracow. 5. Torres Vedras. 6. Rupert. 7. Ultramarine. 8. Mentor.

XXXV.

The Words.—Hallam. Lament.

The Letters.—1. Hoel. 2. Asa. 3. Latham. 4. Lavalette. 5. Annan. 6. Minaret.

XXXVI.

The Words.—Future. Regret.

The Letters.—1. Fir. 2. Use. 3. Tug. 4. Usurer. 5. Ruse. 6. Earnest.

XXXVII.

The Words.—Cadmus. Caxton.

The Letters.—1. Coptic. 2. Anathema. 3. Devereux. 4. Moment. 5. Ugolino. 6. Syren.

XXXVIII.

The Words.—Chaucer. Spencer.

The Letters.—1. Crisis. 2. Hyssop. 3. Advice. 4. Unicorn. 5. Cross. 6. Eloquence. 7. Rumour.

XXXIX.

The Words.—Prose. Rhyme.

The Letters.—1. Poacher. 2. Ruth. 3. Olney. 4. Seam. 5. Eminence.

XL.

The Words.—Fossils. Mantell.

The Letters.—1. Forum. 2. Osmunda. 3. Sun.
4. Sunset. 5. Ignorance. 6. Lloyzel.* 7. Sail.

XLI.

The Words.—Olive. Flood.

The Letters.—1. Ollendorf. 2. Lowell. 3. Indigo.
4. Viterbo. 5. Ethelred.

XLII.

The Words.—Pen. Ink.

The Letters.—1. Pestalozzi. 2. Explanation. 3.
Nook.

XLIII.

The Words.—Harvey. Artery.

The Letters.—1. Huzza. 2. Altar. 3. Rent.
4. Vane. 5. Either. 6 Yesterday.

XLIV.

The Words.—Moat. Frog.

The Letters.—1. Muff. 2. Oar. 3. Apollo. 4.
Tug.

* Lloyzel's Hydrostatical Paradox.—See the *Times* Advertisement.

XLV.

The Words.—Author. Reader.

The Letters.—1. Armour. 2. Undine. 3. Tea.
4. Hand. 5. Orme.* 6. Reader.

XLVI.

The Words.—Oblivion. Slanders.

The Letters.—1. Omnibus. 2. Bell. 3. Loyola.
4. Inn. 5. Viand. 6. Ire. 7. Ostler. 8. Nemesis.

XLVII.

The Words.—Becket. Church.

The Letters.—1. Bivouac. 2. Epitaph. 3. Corfu.
4. Korner. 5. Epic. 6. Truth.

XLVIII.

The Words.—London. Bridge.

The Letters.—1. Lamb. 2. Oyster. 3. Naomi.
4. David. 5. Outing. 6. Nine.

XLIX.

The Words.—Chaillu. Gorilla.

The Letters.—1. Czillag. 2. Hero. 3. Arthur.
4. Icen. 5. Liverpool. 6. Lyell. 7. Ursula.

* Alluding to the Orme's Head, on the coast of North Wales.

L.

The Words.—Oxford. Essays.

The Letters.—1. Ordnance. 2. Xerxes. 3. Flowers.
4. Ophelia. 5. Rothsay. 6. Dives.

LI.

The Words.—Hofer. Tyrol.

The Letters.—1. Helot. 2. Orrery. 3. Frobisher.
4. Echo. 5. Rachel.

LII.

The Words.—Truth. Error.

The Letters.—1. Turenne. 2. Reaumur. 3. Usurer.
4. Ticino. 5. Hexameter.

LIII.

The Words.—Grief. Tears.

The Letters.—1. Gnat. 2. Rose. 3. Idea. 4. Error.
5. Flowers.

LIV.

The Words.—Acrostic. Guessers.

The Letters.—1. Acting. 2. Corfu. 3. Racine. 4.
Oars. 5. Silas. 6. Trustee. 7. Innkeeper. 8. Charles.

LV.

The Words.—Shakespear. Breakspear

The Letters.—1. Sennacherib. 2. Honour. 3.
Anemone. 4. Kamskatka. 5. Elk. 6. Sesostris.
7. Pump. 8. Elegance. 9. Australia. 10. Racer.

LVI.

The Words.—Saunterer.* Palestine.

The Letters.—1. Sweep. 2. Aurora. 3. Upsal.
4. Nightmare. 5. Themistocles. 6. Effect. 7. Rossini.
8. Eden. 9. Rochelle.

LVII.

The Words.—Clyde. Forth.

The Letters.—1. Caitiff. 2. Lasso. 3. Yachter.
4. Dent. 5. Erith.

LVIII.

The Words.—Versailles. Revolution.

The Letters.—1. Verger. 2. Elegance. 3. Reev[e].
4. Sappho. 5. Arsenal. 6. Illu[sion]. 7. Locket.
8. Lapis Lazuli. 9. Embroglio. 10. Sharon.

LIX.

The Words.—William. Holland.

The Letters.—1. Whapenoah. 2. Io. 3. Lull.
4. Lintel. 5. Ida. 6. Affection. 7. Maryland.

LX.

The Words.—Kingsley. Strength.

The Letters.—1. Kindness. 2. Illicit. 3. Ner.
4. Gabelle. 5. Seddon. 6. Ling. 7. Etymologist.
8. Youth.

* "Saunter (*aller à la Sainte Terre*), from idle people who roved about the country and asked charity under the pretence of going 'à la Sainte Terre,' to the Holy Land."—JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*.

LXI.

The Words.—Arnold. Oxford.

The Letters.—1. Ariosto. 2. Reflux. 3. Necker-chief. 4. Oporto. 5. Lumber. 6. Dotard.

LXII.

The Words.—Rifle. Corps.

The Letters.—1. Romantic. 2. Incognito. 3. Familiar. 4. Lolypop. 5. Empress.

LXIII.

The Words.—Daisies. Meadows.

The Letters.—1. Dream. 2. Agate. 3. Iona. 4. Sound. 5. Inigo. 6. Eschew. 7. Shrimps.

LXIV.

The Words.—Clock. Tower.

The Letters.—1. Colbert. 2. Leo. 3. Oddfellow. 4. Conscience. 5. Kneller.

LXV.

The Words.—Waterloo. Napoleon.

The Letters.—1. Wodin. 2. America. 3. Top. 4. Echo. 5. Rebel. 6. Lafayette. 7. Orlando. 8. Ossian.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS AND CHARADES.

LXVI.

The Words.—Abraham. Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln.

The Letters.—1. Abel. 2. Bersaglieri. 3. Ramazan.
4. Arsenic. 5. Hindoo. 6. Ariel. 7. Million.

LXVII.

The Words.—United. States. United States.

The Letters.—1. U.S. 2. Not. 3. Iona. 4. Taunt.
5. Eve. 6. Dewdrops.

LXVIII.

The Words.—Leg. End. Legend.

The Letters.—1. Lethe. 2. Education. 3. Gourd.

LXIX.

The Words.—Mass. Acre. Massacre.

The Letters.—1. Militia. 2. Atlantic. 3. Scar.
4 Statute.

LXX.

The Words.—Don. Key. Donkey.

The Letters.—1. Dawk. 2. One. 3. Nobody.

LXXI.

The Words.—Words. Worth. Wordsworth.

The Letters.—1. Willow. 2. Othello. 3. Ruler.
4. Dust. 5. Slough.

LXXII.

The Words.—Ear. Wig. Earwig.

The Letters.—1. Elbow. 2. Ai. 3. Rag.

LXXIII.

The Words.—Can. Ada. Canada.

The Letters.—1. Camera. 2. Alfred. 3. Nana.

LXXIV.

The Words.—Wind. Lass. Windlass.

The Letters.—1. Wheel. 2. Ischia. 3. Narcissus.
4. Dress.

LXXV.

The Words.—Wave. Ring. Wavering.

The Letters.—1. Water. 2. Alfieri. 3. Villain.
4. Egg.

LXXVI.

The Words.—Toast. Racks. Toast-racks.

The Letters.—1. Tower. 2. Odessa. 3. Alaric.
4. Sack. 5. Tars.

LXXVII.

The Words.—War. Saw. Warsaw.

The Letters.—1. Wages. 2. Aceldema. 3. Row.

LXXVIII.

The Words.—Sin. Bad. Sinbad.

The Letters.—1. Slab. 2. India. 3. Nomad.

LXXIX.

The Words.—Clan. King. Clanking.

The Letters.—1. Check. 2. Levi. 3. Ajalon. 4. Nag.

LXXX.

The Words.—Chin. Amen. Chinamen.

The Letters.—1. China. 2. Helm. 3. L.E. 4. Nun.

LXXXI.

The Words.—Water. Spout. Waterspout.

The Letters.—1. Willows. 2. Ap[e]. 3. Tobacco. 4. Emu. 5. Rest.

LXXXII.

The Words.—Camp. Bell. Campbell.

The Letters.—1. Cub. 2. Apple. 3. Medal. 4. Pill.

LXXXIII.

The Words.—Fire. Work. Firework.

The Letters.—1. Few. 2. Incognito. 3. Roar. 4. Elk.

LXXXIV.

The Words.—Match. Boxes Match-boxes.

The Letters.—1. Mab. 2. Apollo. 3. Tax. 4. Clarence. 5. Highlands.

LXXXV.

The Words.—Cut. Let. Cutlet.

The Letters.—1. Coal. 2. Universe. 3. Tart.

LXXXVI.

The Words.—Mist. Rust. Mistrust.

The Letters.—1. Miser. 2. Impromptu. 3. Senses. 4. Trout.

LXXXVII.

The Words.—Chesnut. Blossoms. Chesnut-blossoms.

The Letters.—1. Cub. 2. Hannibal. 3. Echo. 4. Strawberries. 5. Ninus. 6. Undo. 7. Team.

LXXXVIII.

The Words.—Cur. Few. Curfew.

The Letters.—1. Coif. 2. Use. 3. Renfrew.

LXXXIX.

The Words.—Life. Boat. Lifeboat.

The Letters.—1. Lamb. 2. I. O. [U.] 3. Fuschia. 4. East.

XC.

The Words.—Galley. Slaves. Galley slaves.

The Letters.—1. Gas. 2. Anvil. 3. Lava. 4. Leitov. 5. Eve. 6. Yes.

XCI.

The Words.—Milk. Maid. Milkmaid.

The Letters.—1. Magnetism. 2. Idea. 3. Lazzaroni. 4. Kid.

XCII.

The Words.—Chimney. Sweeper. Chimney-sweeper.

The Letters.—1. Cress. 2. How. 3. Ice. 4. Minute. 5. Neap. 6. Evangeline. 7. Year.

XCIII.

The Words.—Bathing. Machine. Bathing-machine.

The Letters.—1. Beam. 2. Agricola. 3. Tropic. 4. Hullah. 5. I. 6. Navigation. 7. Game.

XCIV.

The Words.—Lit. Any. Litany.

The Letters.—1. Loyola. 2. Inspection. 3. Territory.

XCV.

The Words.—Floor. Cloth. Floorcloth.

The Letters.—1. Fanatic. 2. Laurel. 3. Othello. 4. Ornament. 5. Ramah.

XCVI.

The Words.—Daisy. Chain. Daisy-chain.

The Letters.—1. Demoniac. 2. Ash. 3. Ipecacuanha. 4. Sinai. 5. Yawn.

XCVII.

The Words.—Pear. Lash. Pearl-ash.

The Letters.—1. Pul. 2. Elisha. 3. Apis. 4. Rush[light].

XCVIII.

The Words.—Holly. Ferns. Holly-ferns.

The Letters.—1. Handcuff. 2. One. 3. Lear. 4. Linn. 5. Years.

XCIX.

The Words.—Surf. Aces. Surfaces.

The Letters.—1. Scylla. 2. Ulric. 3. Rhine. 4. Fuss.

C.

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ERRATA.

Acrostic

- v. line 8, *for* Life-healing health *read* Life, healing, health.
- viii. line 12, *for* stroke *read* seal.
- xviii. the letters, No. 4, *for* I've *read* We.
- xlvi. line 8, *for* tread *read* head.
- xlvi. line 15, *for* earth's *read* faith's.
- lix. line 11, *for* pall *read* pale.

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